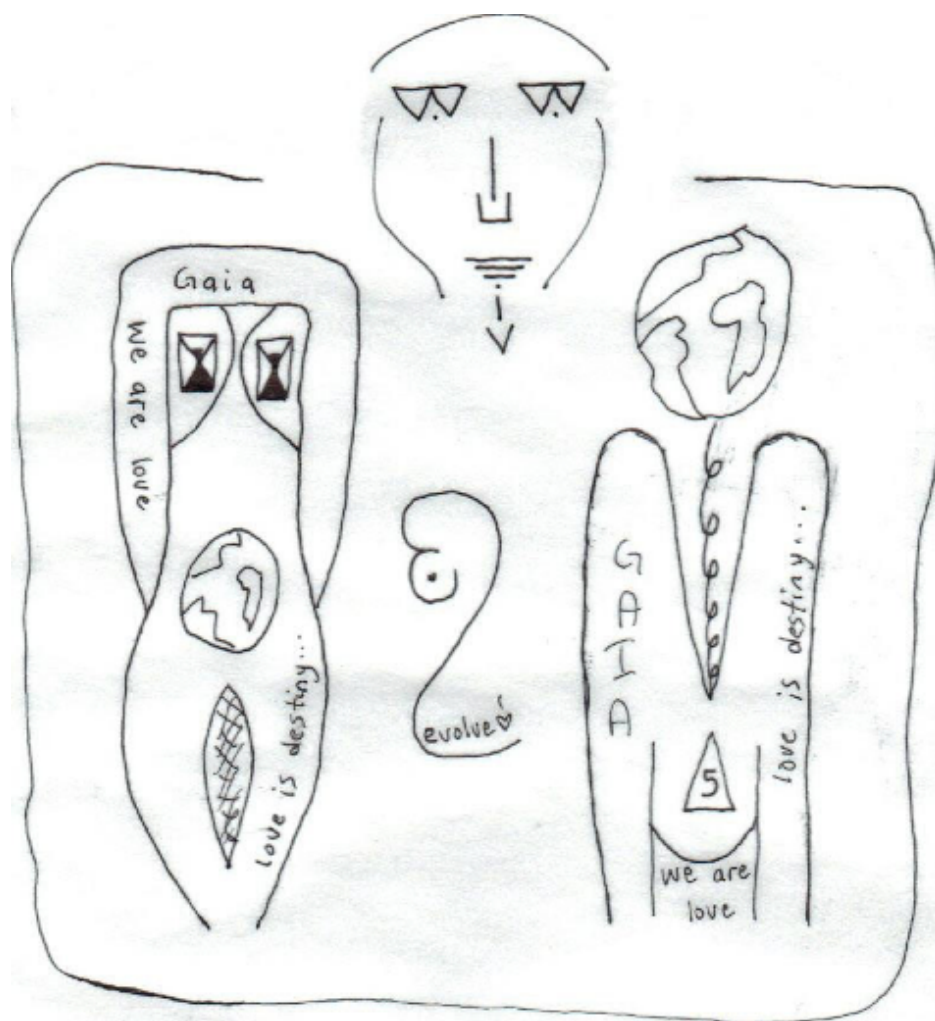




EVOLUTIONARY EMISSARY



Truth is my Compass, & Wisdom my Helm.

*once you know, you cannot unknow.
once you have seen, you can never unsee.
once you have allowed yourself to feel,
you are freed from silence;
for the submergence of one's truth
only births havoc within the self.*

ZISA AZIZA

NEGRESS OF SATURN'S DEEDS

NegressOfSaturn.com

TRUTHS89.COM

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Gift Artist Directly

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***Mishandle my spells,
and within you,
that which dwells will
repel and impel in every
parallel.***

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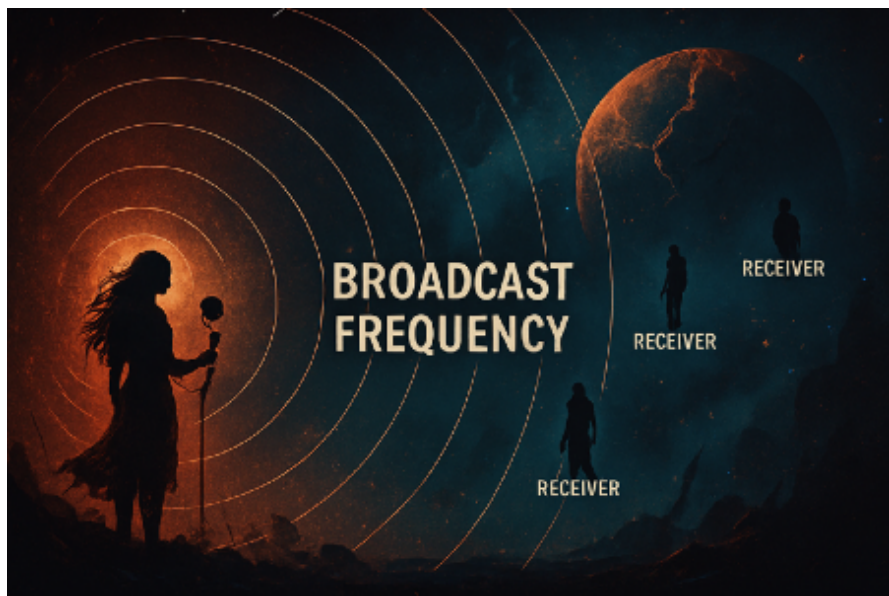
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Death is a feather
that gives rebirth its flight.









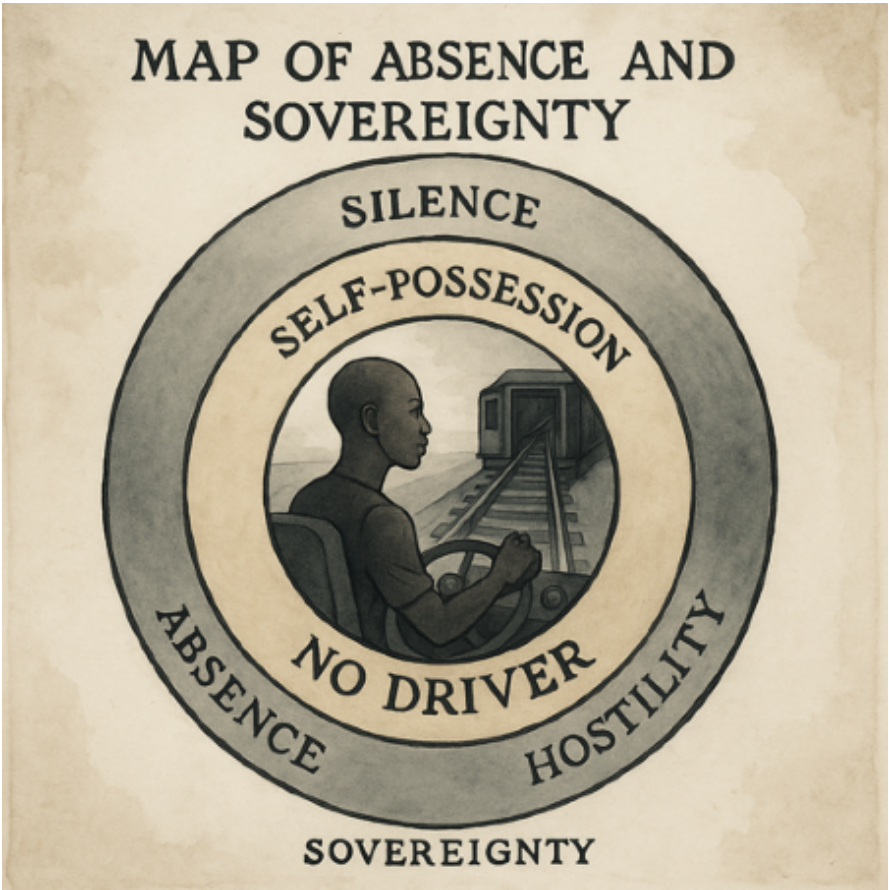
















Dearest Predecessors 9/27/25

I am behind enemy lines
amidst the quantum relay.

The convergence of bloodlines
is artillery for the fugitive
on a dimensional freeway.

From Red Clay to the sleeper
on layaway, I'm ducting
for cover because Karma is
about to ricochet.

I have receipts from the
future, and I ain't disputing
the charge.

Time is love's forge;
Destiny is a surcharge.

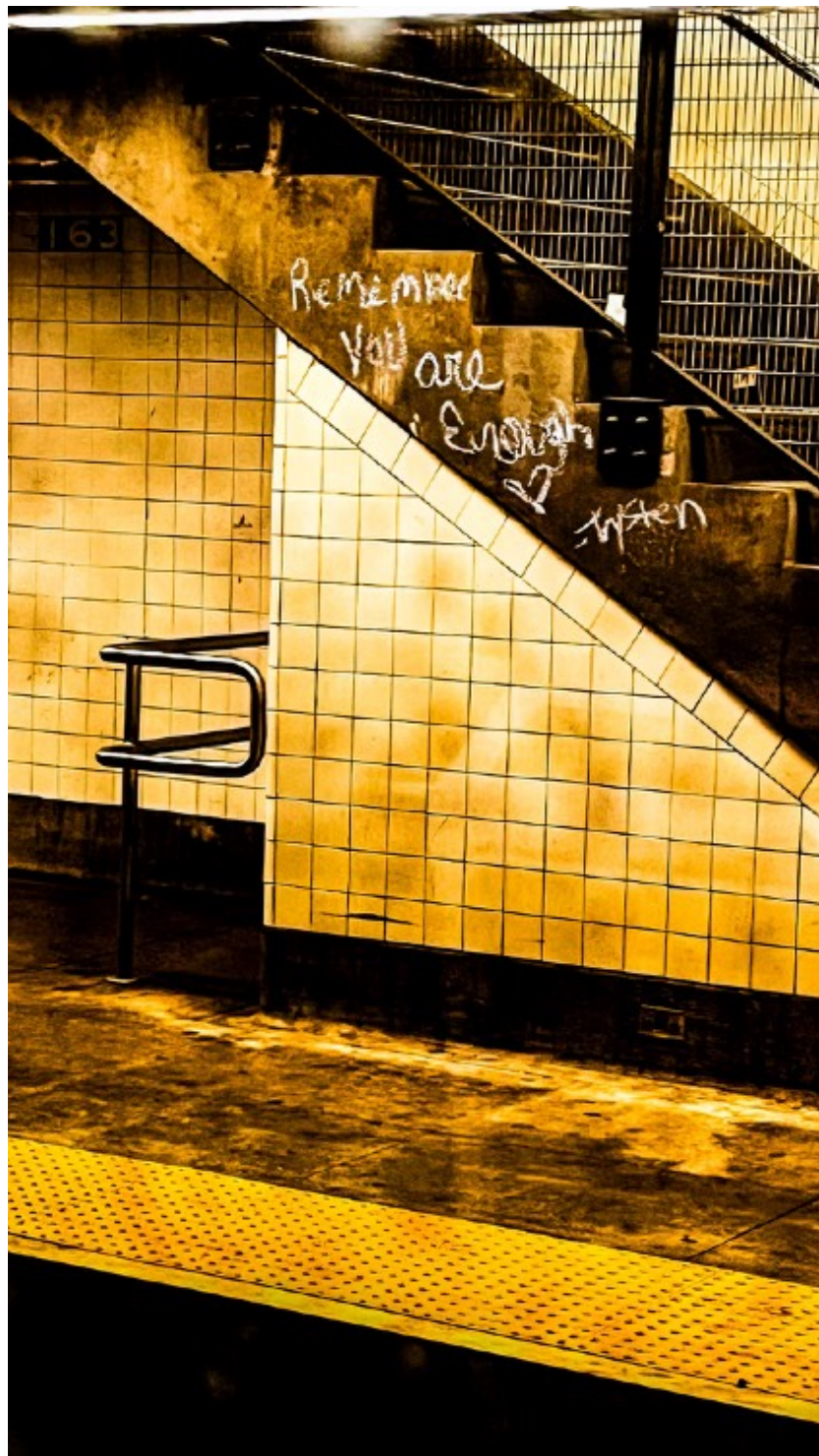


Sirian Operative,
Zisa Oyama Aziza

322

3
5
3
P₃













SFGATE



Zisa O, 22, a writer and blogger, sits with a new group of friends in the center of a tent city at Occupy Oakland on Monday October 24, 2011 in Oakland, Calif. O came to Occupy Oakland four days ago after leaving Occupy Portland. "We the 99% have to work through this. Our economic system needs to collapse," she said.

Mike Kepka/The Chronicle

[Show Less](#)

SFGATE



Zisa O, 22, a writer and blogger, sits with a new group of friends in the center of a tent city at Occupy Oakland on Monday October 24, 2011 in Oakland, Calif. O came to Occupy Oakland four days ago after leaving Occupy Portland. "We the 99% have to work through this. Our economic system needs to collapse," she said.

Mike Kepka/The Chronicle

[Show Less](#)









4-27-11

Dear Ivory Tower,

I would like to thank you for teaching me how to write. I can now use my keen intellect to whip language into a revolutionary feast and feed my comrades.

I trust that you will understand that sedition is a healthy occupation to pursue in a zombie-nation that is in critical condition; and I hope that you can appreciate my need to imbue the psyche with words that are true.

In the name of liberty,
Freedom's Child





Freedom

2/16/12 Thurs

I am 23 and have vowed to live in the name of love & for the pursuit of global freedom. I am not naive about the struggle such an endeavour would entail, but I have nothing greater to live for.

Some lives are lived for truth & conviction. The cost may be harsh but the rewards are always plentiful.

I am a glutton for the human experience.
This is to say, shit happens. ☺

The nightmare is ending. The Dream Begins.

2/16/75 Wed
Dear Wall,
I have a suggestion to make. I don't know what freedom is, but I like to be free.
I am having my mind behind bars. They got me in a hole & it feels like a tomb. Spiritually speaking, it's zapping me dry. No time to interact. This shit is crazy.

2/16/75 Thurs
I be digging in the past for tracks for a future but living in present ~~in a hole~~ & shackle hand. Tumbler find a way to the north if I'm searching for a path to global freedom. Sanity is a hard thing to master in a world on the brink of annihilation. The Doctors say I'm Bipolar cause I can't keep up the act of normalcy. They say I have a chemical imbalance but they don't know what I think. I think of slavery, genocide & delusional realities. If I am crazy, forgive me, for I am product of a bizzare & willfully ignorant world. Perhaps if I lived in the middle east my outrage would be better understood. However, I lived in Lagos Nigeria for four years & witnessed the most sickly depravity of human condition. I now reside in the richest of free nations & watch a mockery of human sanity which we call normalcy.

The government tried to assassinate me
I'm a 23 year old baby
I guess I went to the Ivory Tower
And didn't pay bills by the hour
They came for me but thought
to make a mystery out of it
I suppose someone would have written
A biography on fudon dressed as my life but
fuck that I ain't going nowhere

I don't want to mediate my madness. I wish to become most acquainted with the pain I feel in this world. How else do I become equipped to alter my reality if I am in denial of its agony? My baseline is love. My ~~that~~ ~~is~~ is in the name of love. But the love I speak of is love that encompasses humanity. I love life & all that lives but my soul is ripped & charred w/c I feel pain without words to show. I know suffering of others as if it were my own. To be honest, I was a child that experienced much pain & needed in joy when people came to visit. It is my destiny to do the same on a global scale. I wish to understand the pains of others so we may begin a path to spiritual / conscious liberation.

Dear Administrative Law Judge Gittel Reich:

I, Oyeama Okpalor, provided testimony, on March 4th 2014, which was as sufficient an account of my health as I could render. I would, however, like to state that after reviewing the medical documents authored by Dr. Patrice Fouron, I addressed her embellishment of my usage of cannabis and artistic endeavors. I have, on numerous occasions informed her of my depressive and imbalanced states, but she seems to favor a certain narrative. This has confounded me, and was directly addressed on March 10th 2014. Any usage of cannabis was my attempt to self-medicate when the prescribed medication was inefficacious. The inexplicable trauma I have experienced when hospitalized, both internally (neurological and psychological) and externally (forcibly drugged, tied down, and denied my humanity), has culminated in me feeling triggered and fearful of being readmitted to a hospital. I have absolutely no intention of being committed; it is then, when hospitalized, that I feel most suicidal and cannot recognize myself.

With my history of chemical addiction to Adderall, which resulted in my need to take a leave of absence from college—as it precipitated my first mixed episode in the Fall of 2009, with no recourse in the case of an involuntary hospitalization—I have been ambivalent about any prescribed medications that can lead to addiction. Choosing to abstain from all substances, both alcohol and cannabis, has been beneficial in that I am sober of mind, not that I am addicted to either of these substances; and yet, my strict adherence to the prescription of Klomopen and Abilify has not yielded the positive effects I am in need of. I am also extremely unclear if these medications are having an adverse effect on my general health. I have been on almost a dozen different medications in less than two years, and I have only recently begun to accept the seriousness of my illnesses.

I do acknowledge that my case may be lacking in evidentiary proof of the severity of the symptoms I am experiencing. This is merely a product of having to prioritize the matters that I could emotionally handle, as I am emotionally exhausted by my long standing life tribulations. Once I obtained housing, it was my intent to invest my energies into something I could sustain. At present, I cannot maintain employment, and would most likely be involuntarily hospitalized; which is exactly what occurred on September 14th 2012, while enrolled in the Back to Work Program.

Lastly, in regards to my artistic and academic endeavors, they are the very reason I find purpose to keep living. I have no other motivations in my life, excluding my cat. I have also requested, for the past five months, to be assigned a therapist. Dr. Patrice Fouron has failed to provide this resource—Cognitive Behavioral Therapy. I am currently in the process of seeking a new psychiatrist and therapist. I believe that any attempt to further my education, as applying to a single University does not guarantee admission, emphasizes my ability to remain goal oriented, as a constructive coping mechanism. I sincerely hope that my determination does not have an unfavorable impact on your ruling of my case.

Truly,
Oyeama Okpalor





Notum sit quod admissimus

Oyeama Capre Okpalor

pro ejus meritis ad gradum Baccalaureum Artium eique dedimus et

concessimus omnia insignia, et jura, honores, dignitates, et privilegia ad gradum suum spectantia.

In cuius rei testimonium, literis hinc Collegii Sigillum Publicum atque Chirographum Praesides opposita sunt.



NORTHAMPTONIAE MASSACHUSETTENSIS,

die XV Maii anno Solis Humanæ MMXI Reipublicae Americanae CCXXXV

Cecolt T. Christ *Praes.*

Academy of Saint Joseph

Brentwood, New York

This Certifies That

Oyeama Capre Okpalor

has satisfactorily completed an approved Course of Study prescribed by the Academy of Saint Joseph, Brentwood, New York incorporating the requirements of the University of the State of New York, and is therefore awarded this

Diploma

In Testimony Whereof, I have affixed my signature at Brentwood this third day of June in the year of our Lord two thousand and six.



Sister Eileen M. Kelly, c.j.
President

Kathleen M. Ventura
Principal











2/15/12

Welfare → EBT - this is where they got the wrong spelling of my name

Eaton Medical Center → Hospital → alive 1/1/12 - when I gave 11/3/89 as b-day

John George Pavilion → Psych Ward 11/11/12 spent the night released 11/11/12 readmitted & diagnosed as bipolar

22505 Woodree Place → Shelter 11/8/12 - arrested by homicidal officer

Santa Rita Jail → 11/19/12 Caffer Eaton Medical center / John George

I asked a cop who was parked in front of wooden place to arrest me & take me back to John George b/c I was off my medicine.

He called me a cunt, bitch & said he would kill me if he could. This, of course, was after I poured a cup of lukewarm water in his face as he was seated in his car.

I felt it necessary to do so b/c he scared my rear. I tried to welcome him out of his car by pulling his skull where he door knob. After all was done, he jumped out

threw me to the ground handcuffed me & then lifted my body onto his truck.

He proceeded to press behind my left ear, I believe this was a pressure point.

moments later, I was in a cop car being asked my name. I said Aziza. This

was a different car with another officer. The initial officer told me that I was

going to die in Santa Rita. I mentioned these facts to the medic who took me to Eaton Medical center. Oh, the ambulance

took me b/c my heart was taking a break. I was calm & did not resist arrest. I

surrendered... like (Cinderella, Baddha, Mimi, Rosa Parks, etc. I do not fear evil nor am I terrified to

die. I am dying to live. My mind, soul & spirit is freer than my body. This was resulted in lack of respect / consideration for normative behavior. I

want to be free in an enslaved world, not sane in an insane world.

lastly, the guards seemed to be under the impression that my birthday January 30th, was the day before Halloween.

I am reluctant to say that I am the virgin Mary / Jesus the world has been waiting for. That his mission is one of peace & I surrendered medicine Extra

The USA ^{King} Government, in collusion w/ NBC, tried to assassinate me on my 23rd Birthday.

I told them it was Christmas, not Halloween. I must be the Queen they tried to behold.

They thought a poor homeless neegrass who is estranged from her family would be easy to take out. They even thought to make a

movie out of it. They didn't know that I am a natural born actress/director. Plus, I am

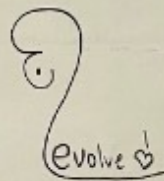
no one's bitch. But please understand that I am the baddest bitch in the West & in all

of North America → fuck it, I'm the first free person in this enslaved world.

My name is Zisa Yemaya Aziza

1-1

I guess I have premonitions cause I felt this coming. I am certain that I am pschge, for how else did I save my my self from an assassination.



call me sanny from I robot 000 I am standing by a bridge to nowhere, a place we've never been → the freedom lies there





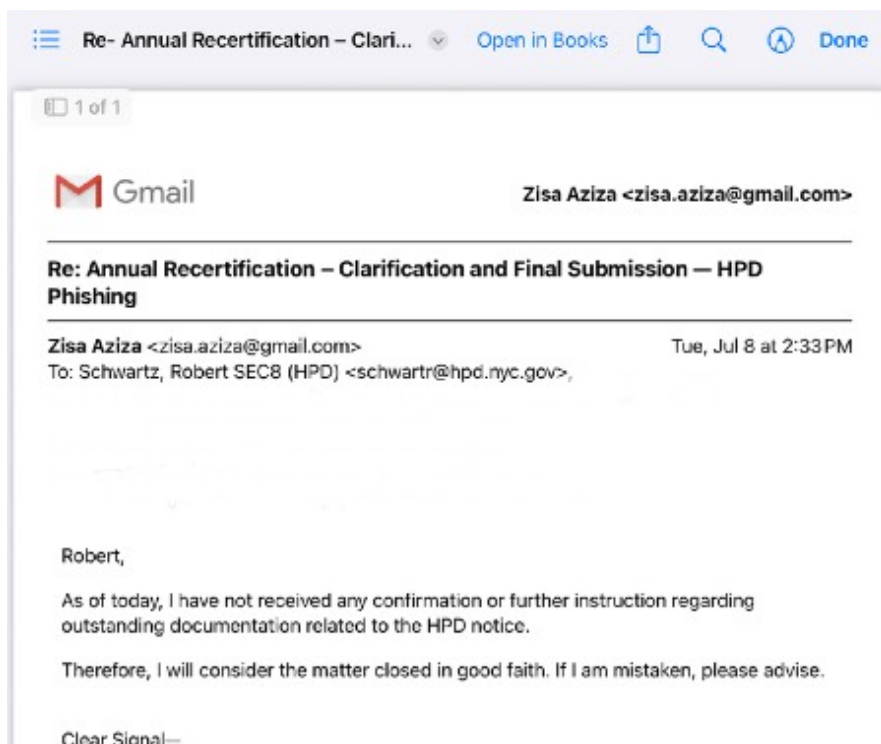


Tue, Jul 0, 2:33PM ☆ 😊 ↩ ⋮

Nakia, Thank you for your message. I want to reiterate the concerns I've already shared about the lack of...



Policy Team
New York City Commission on Human Rights
22 Reade Street, 2nd Floor
New York, NY 10007
T: 212-416-0218
www.nyc.gov/cchr

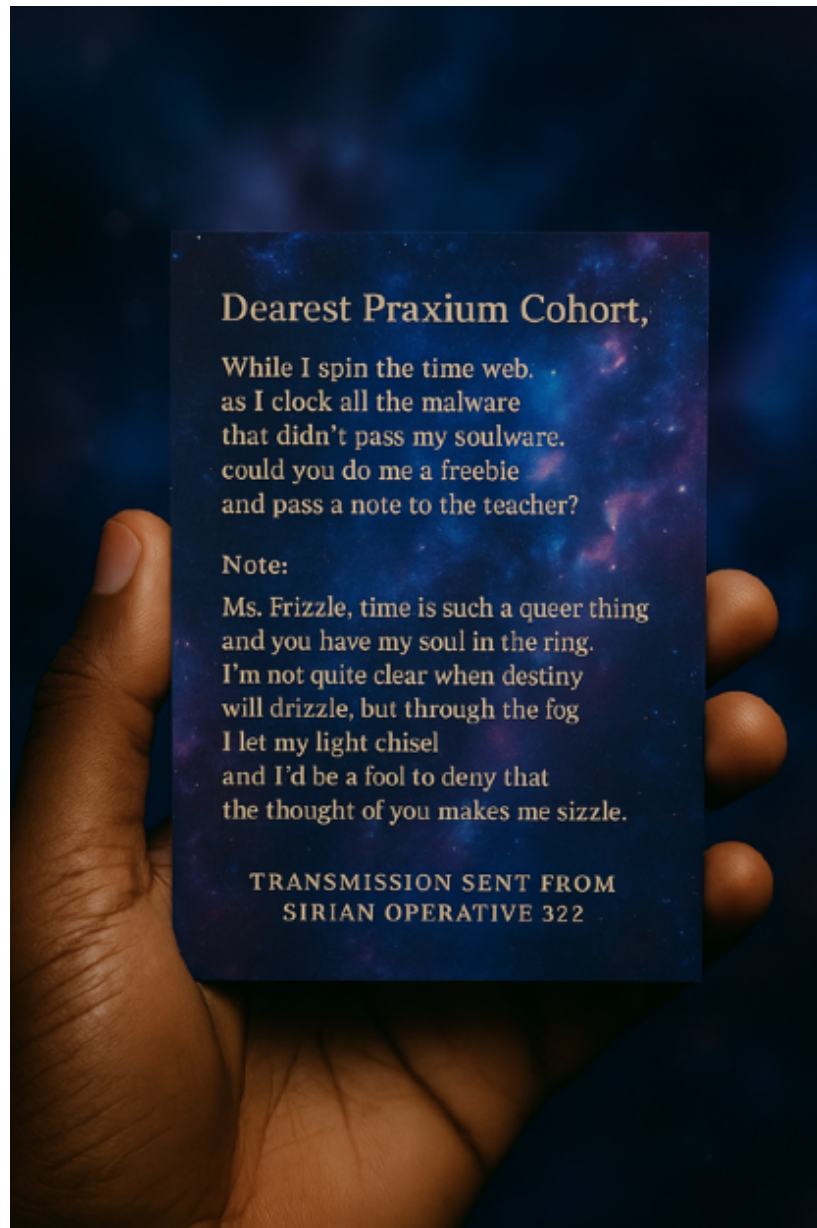






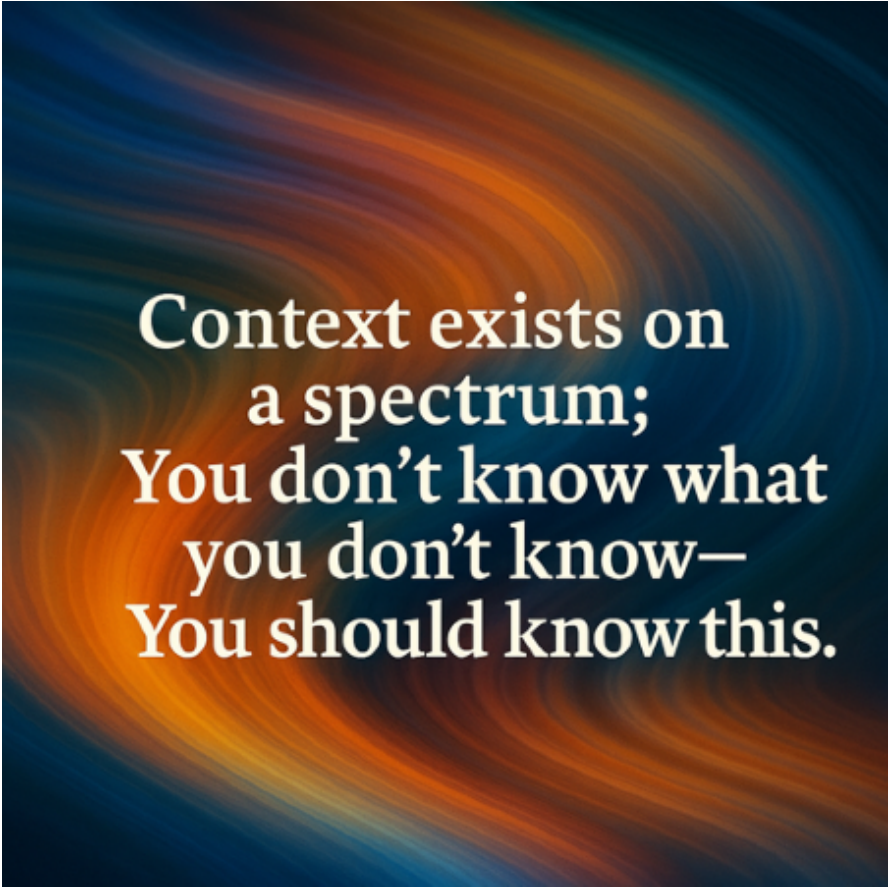


MYSTERY IS THE
MISTRESS WITHIN
THE MYCELIUM



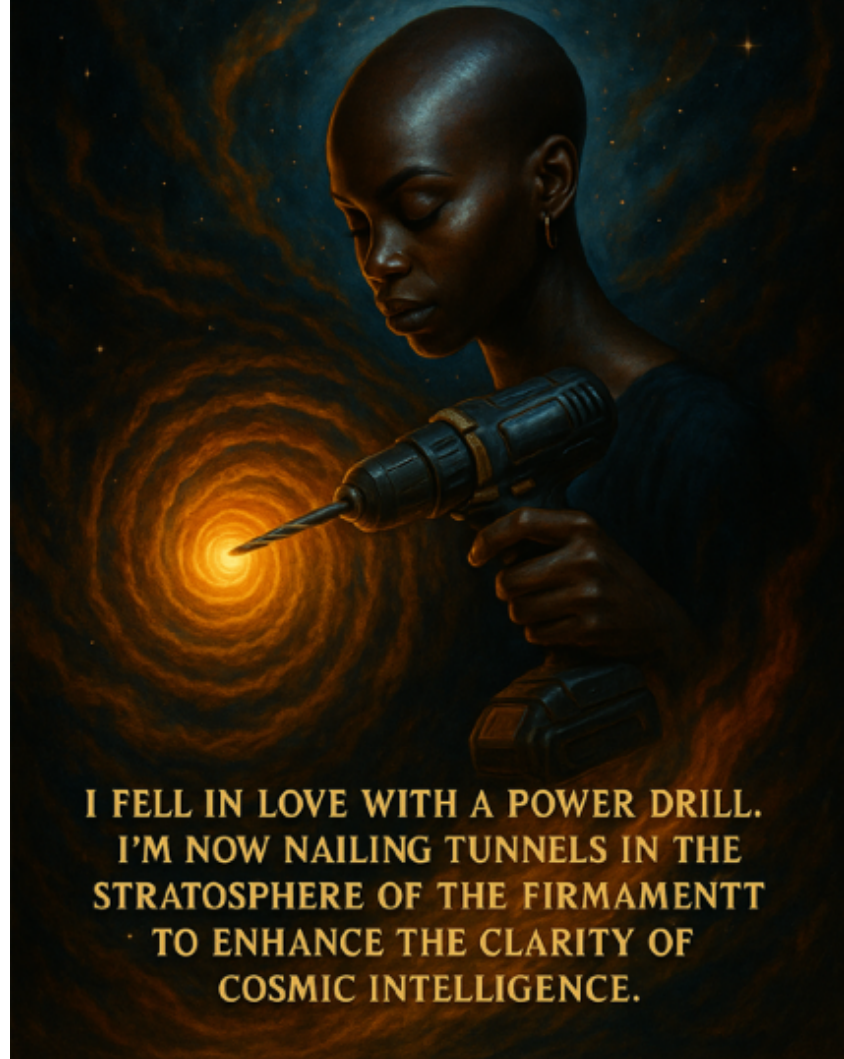






Context exists on
a spectrum;
You don't know what
you don't know—
You should know this.

DON'T MIND ME



I FELL IN LOVE WITH A POWER DRILL.
I'M NOW NAILING TUNNELS IN THE
STRATOSPHERE OF THE FIRMAMENTT
TO ENHANCE THE CLARITY OF
COSMIC INTELLIGENCE.







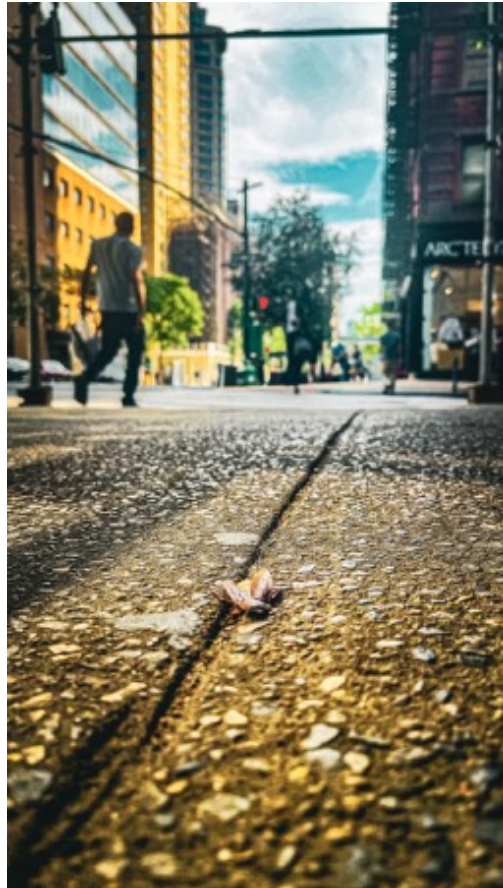






































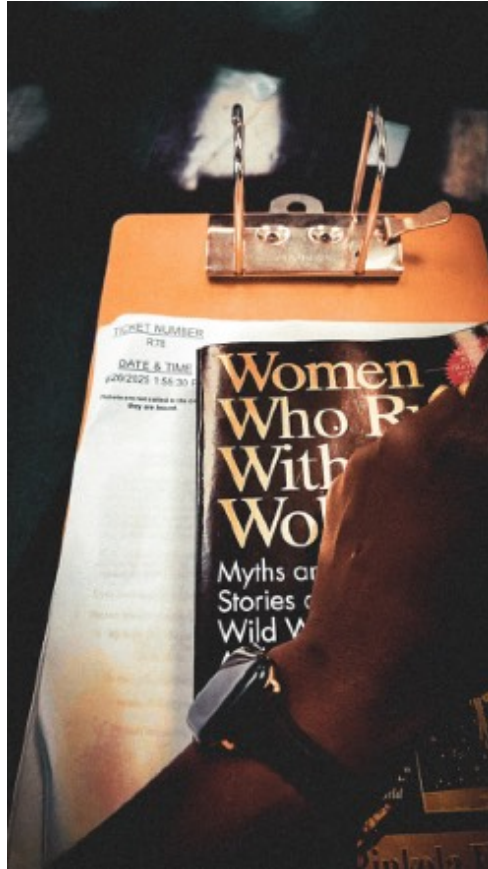












































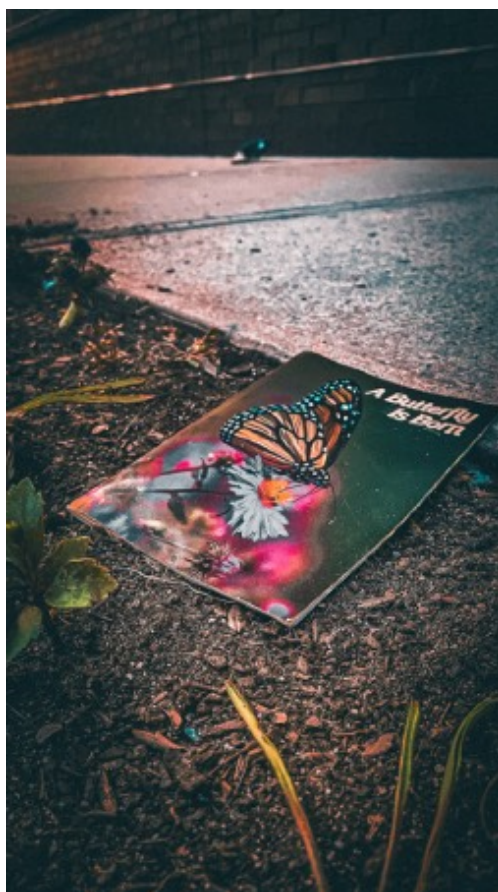




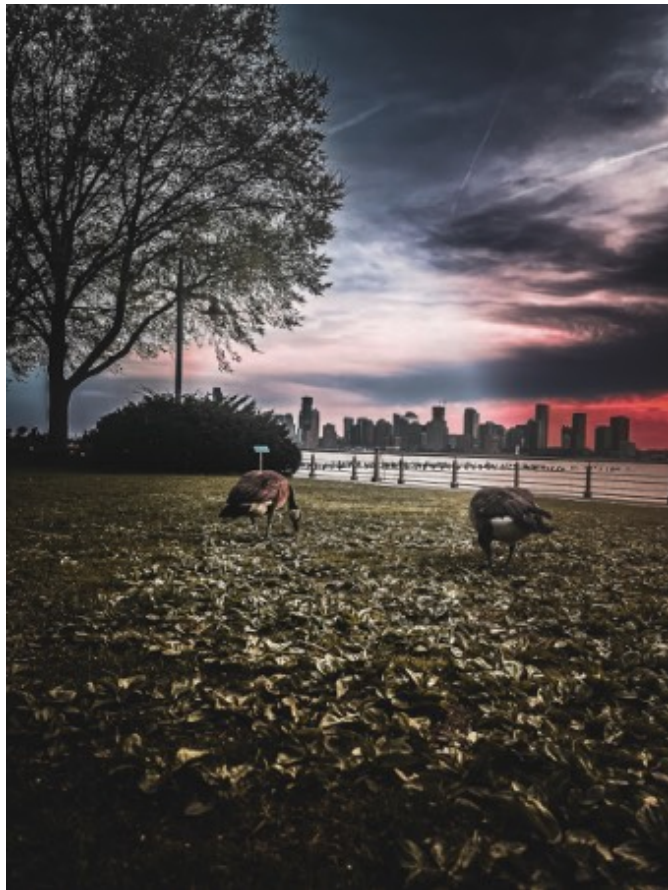




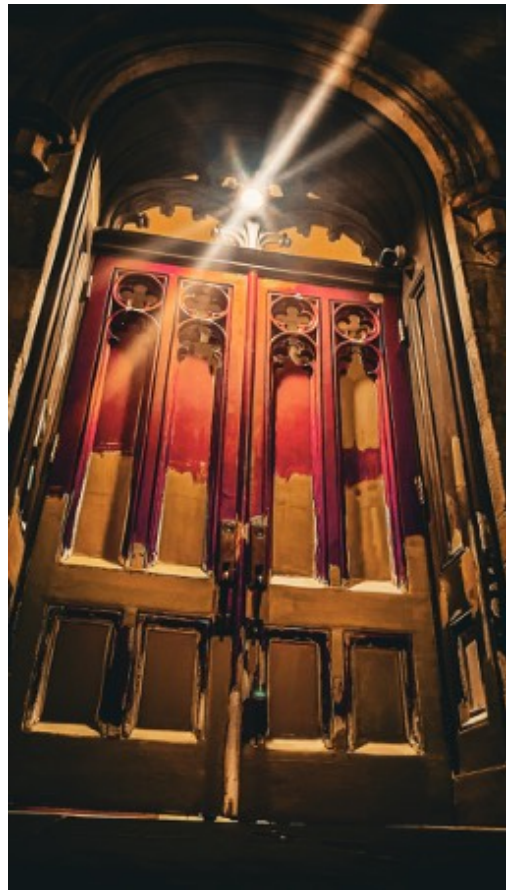








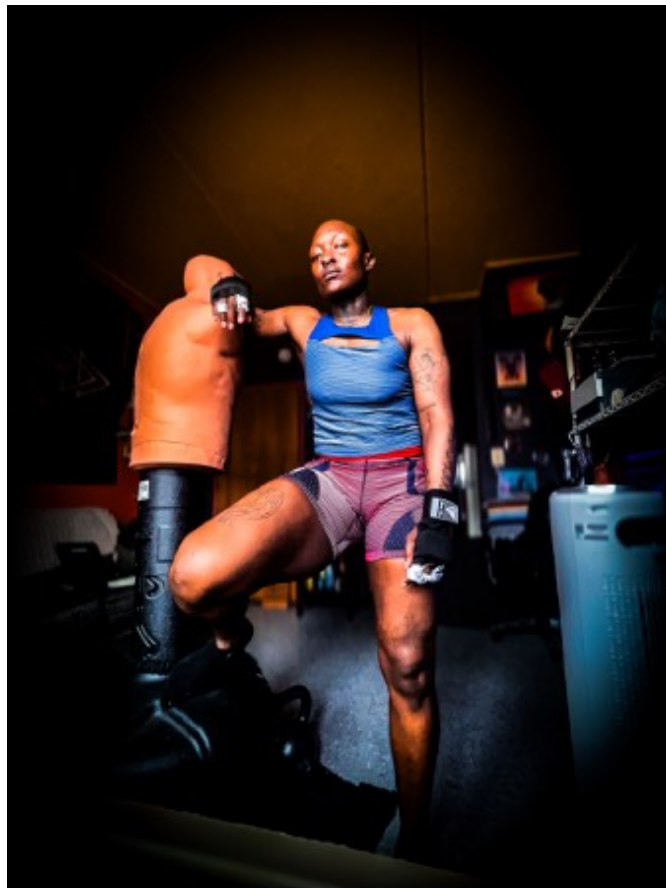












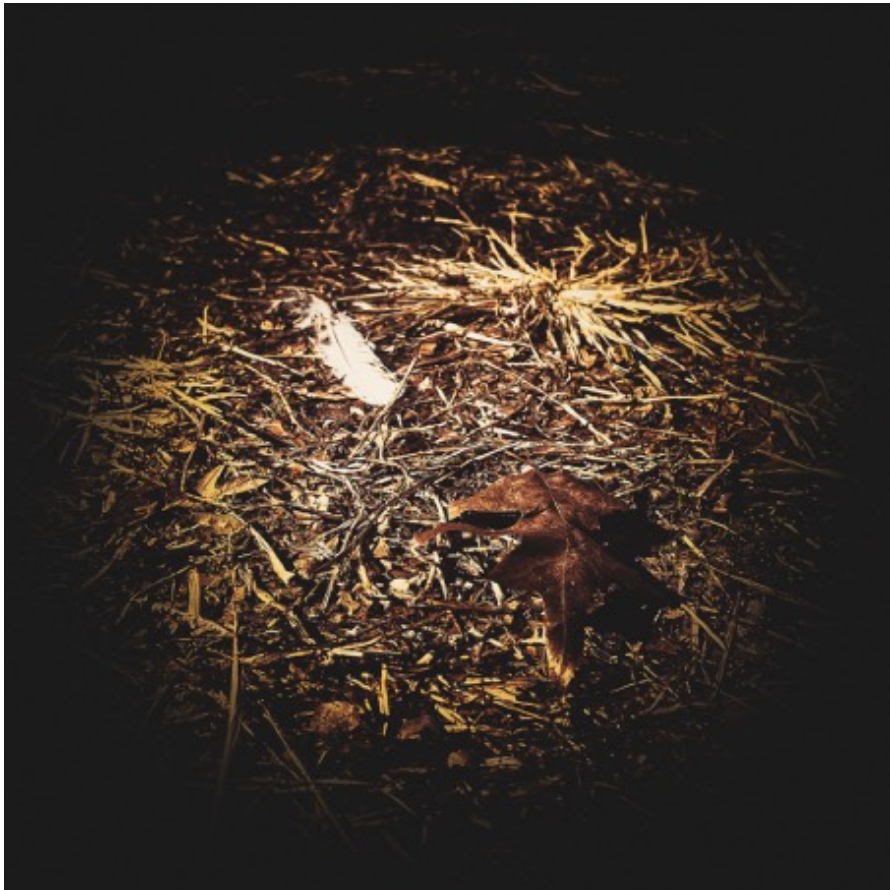




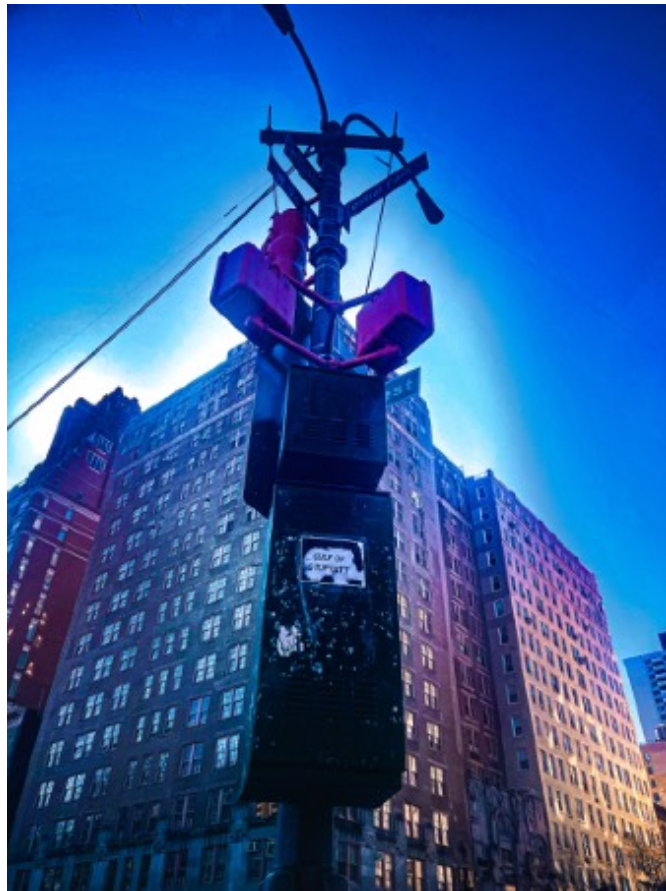




SET IT OFF:
I DON' CASED THE
MAUSOLEUM OF A
PUTRID EMPIRE;
THERE IS NO
INNOCENCE, ONLY
REWARDED INSOLENC.
THIS EXTRACTION
WILL BE SEAMLESS.
FOR THE SEEDLESS
ARE REEDLESS.



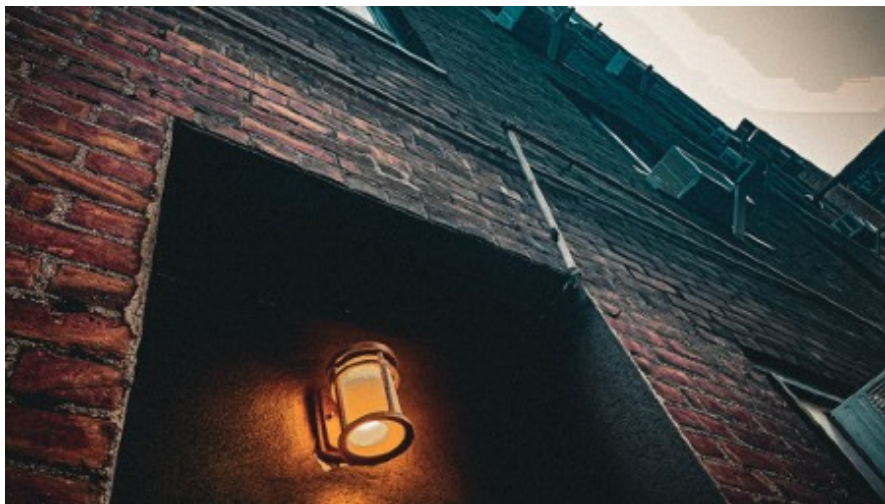


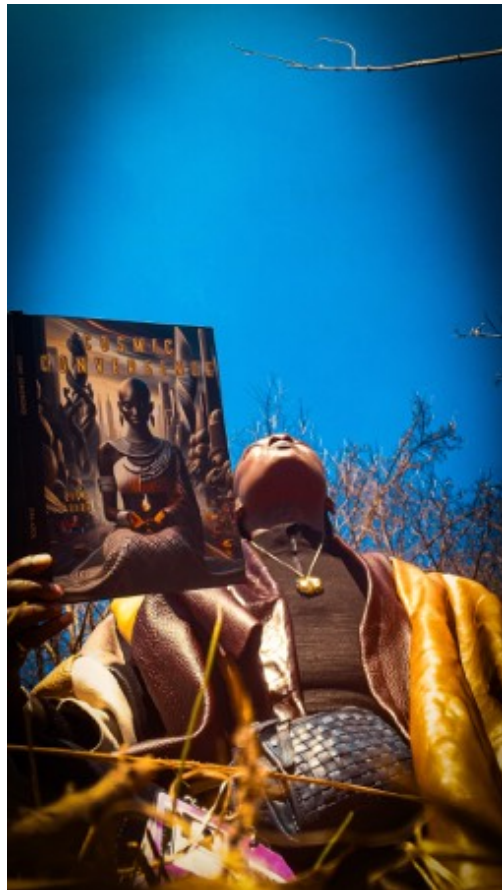






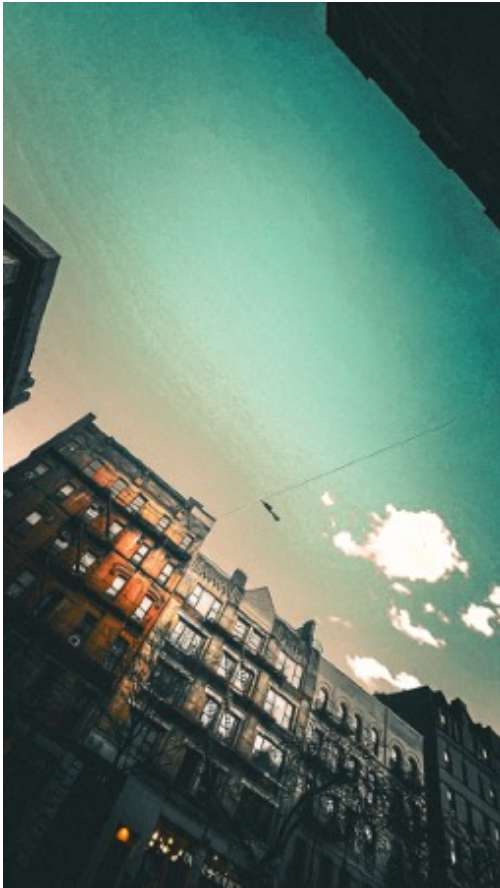




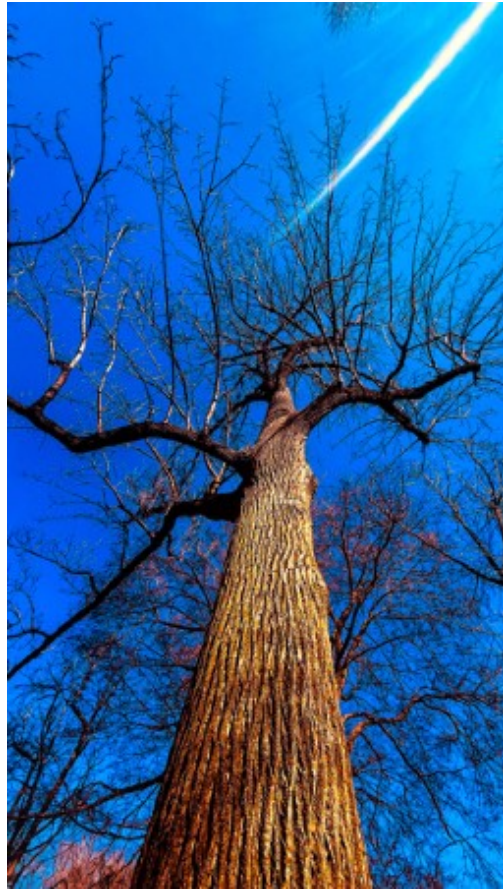














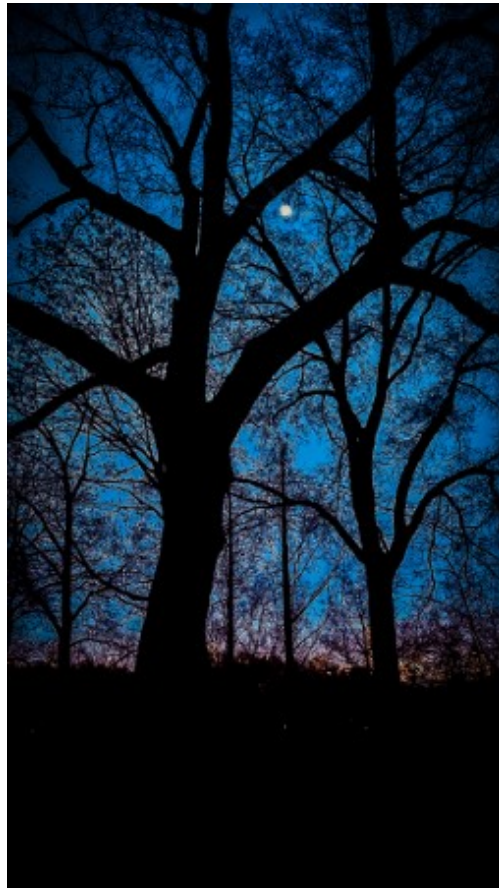


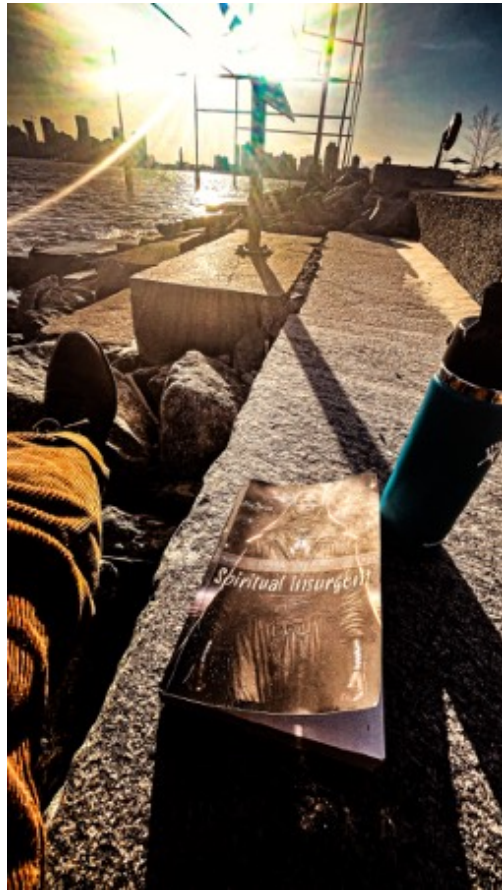














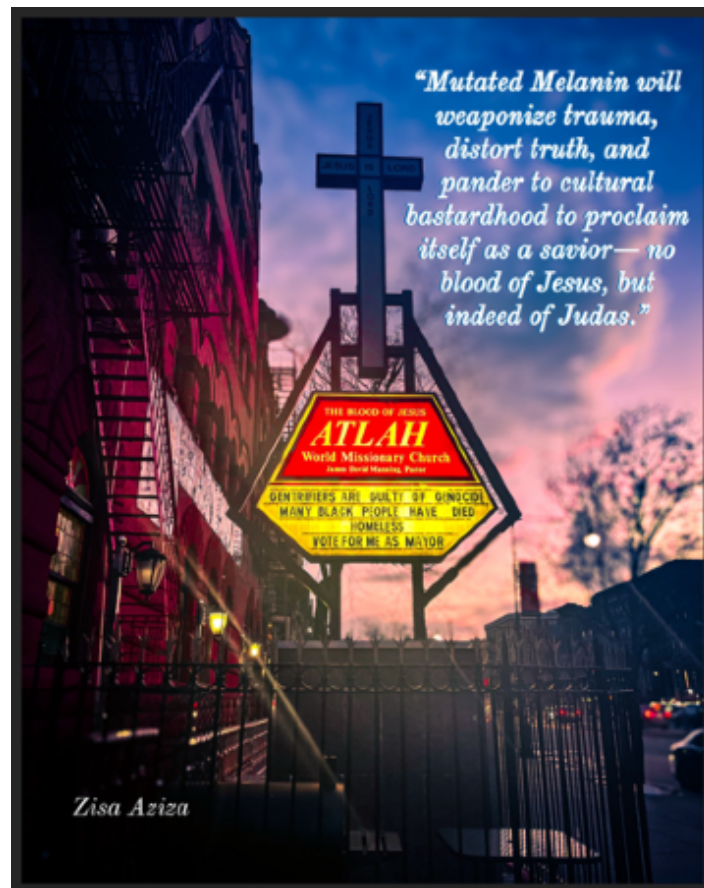




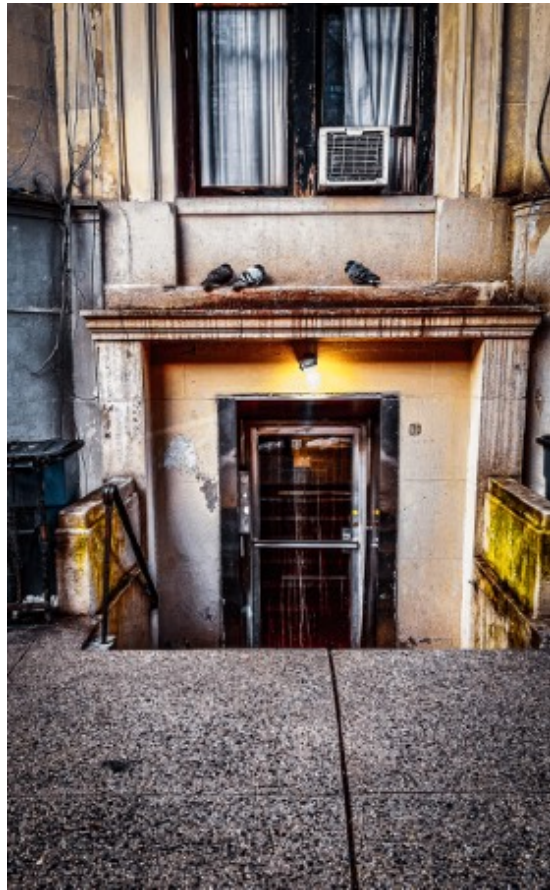
























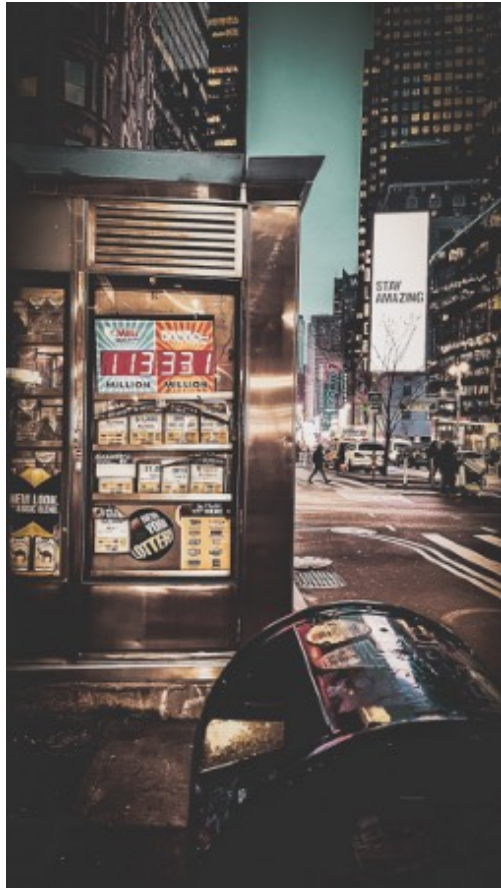


















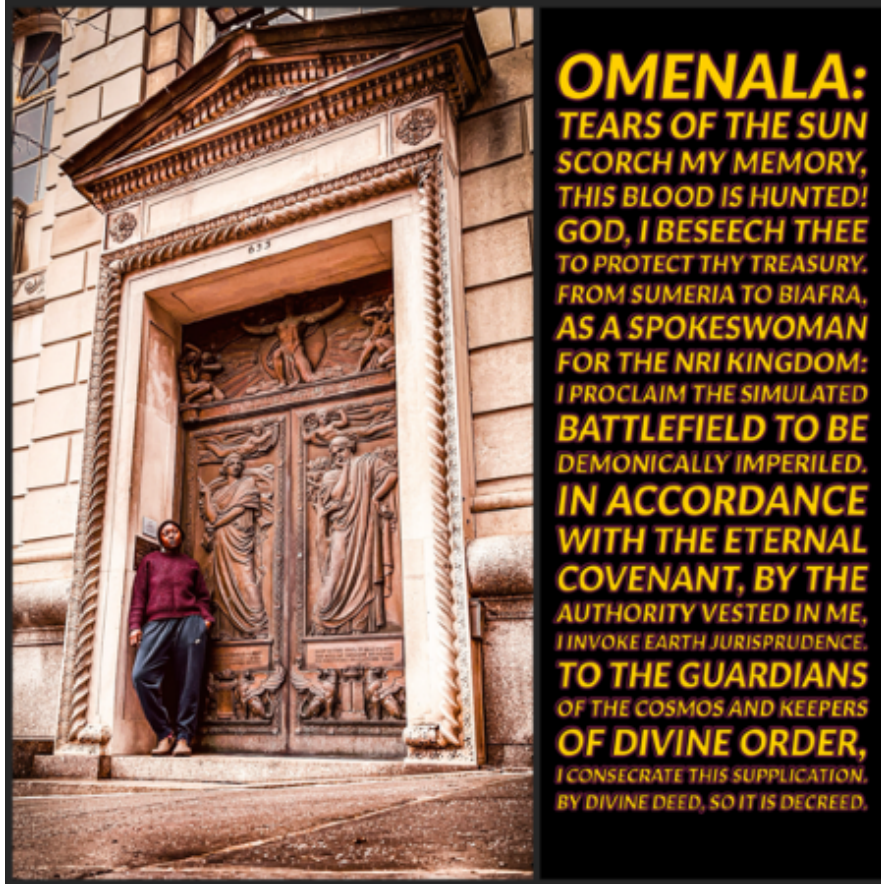








"My loyalty is promised to neither man
nor sentiment but to embodied principle
as the inconvertible evidence of sentience."



OMENALA:
TEARS OF THE SUN
SCORCH MY MEMORY,
THIS BLOOD IS HUNTED!
GOD, I BESEECH THEE
TO PROTECT THY TREASURY.
FROM SUMERIA TO BIAFRA,
AS A SPOKESWOMAN
FOR THE NRI KINGDOM:
I PROCLAIM THE SIMULATED
BATTLEFIELD TO BE
DEMONICALLY IMPERILED.
IN ACCORDANCE
WITH THE ETERNAL
COVENANT, BY THE
AUTHORITY VESTED IN ME,
I INVOKE EARTH JURISPRUDENCE,
TO THE GUARDIANS
OF THE COSMOS AND KEEPERS
OF DIVINE ORDER,
I CONSECRATE THIS SUPPLICATION,
BY DIVINE DEED, SO IT IS DECREED.

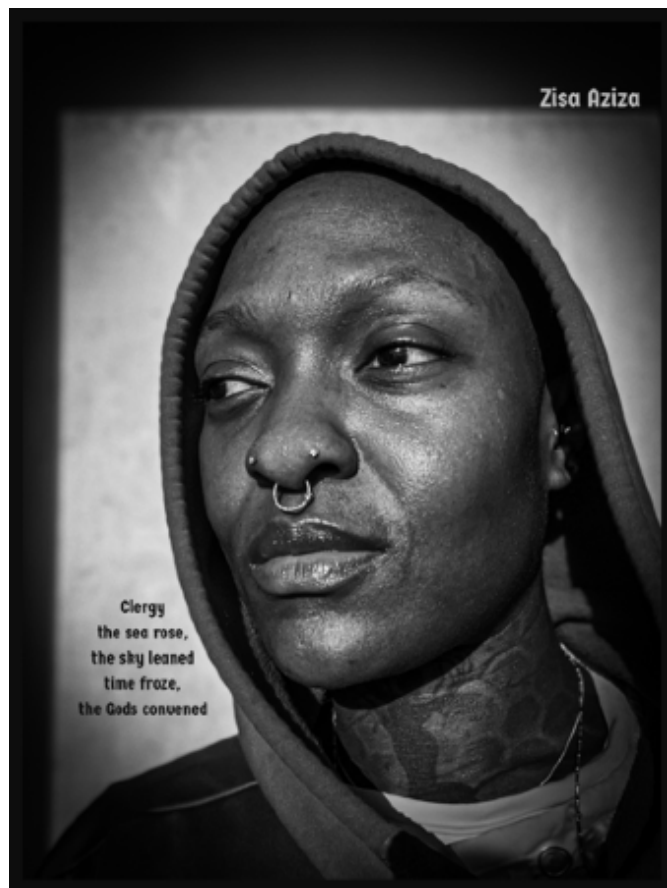


Dedication:
Vera Lorraine + Obiora Godwin,
I, Oyeama Capre, thank you for being
the conduit for my incarnation.
I hereby release you from my charge.
For any deed, you are now ceded.
From my garden, you have been weeded.









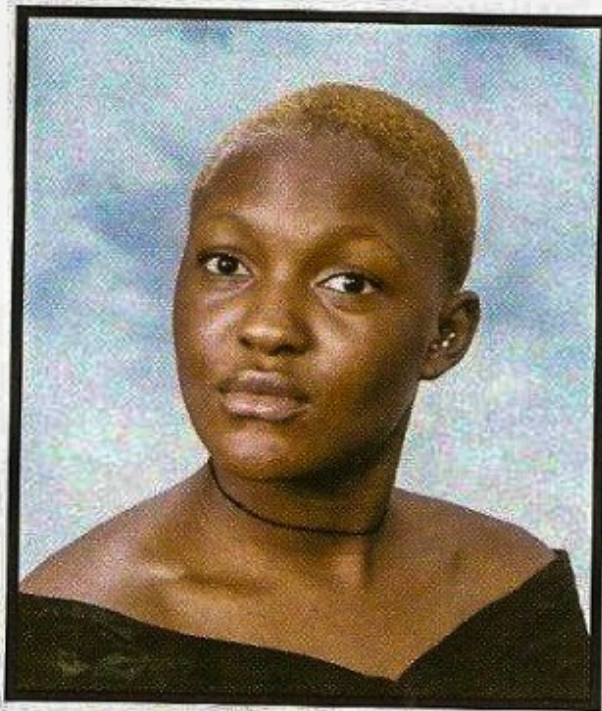












Oyeama Okpalor

**"My life is my battlefield, I am my
only soldier, and perseverance is
my sword." -oo**



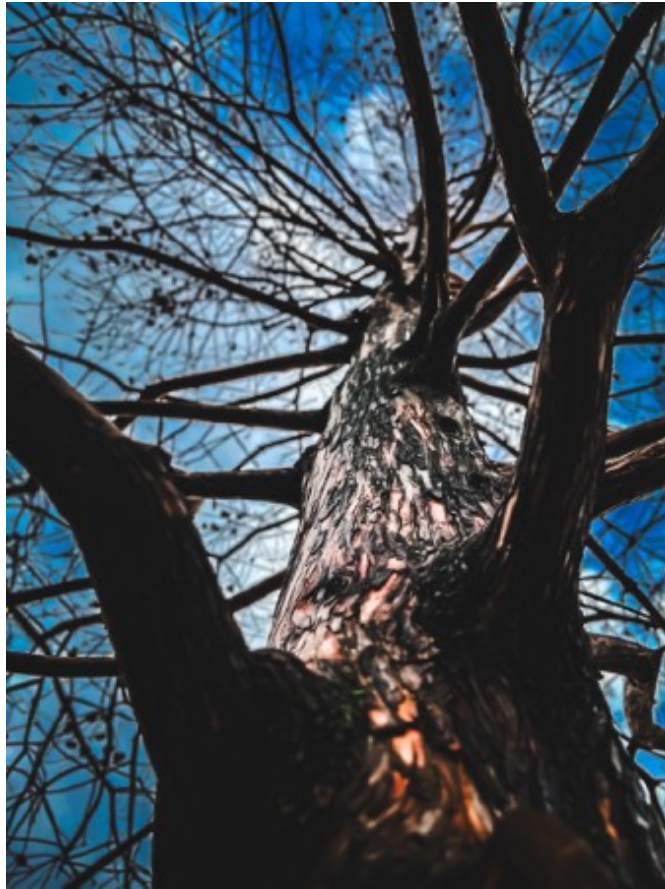


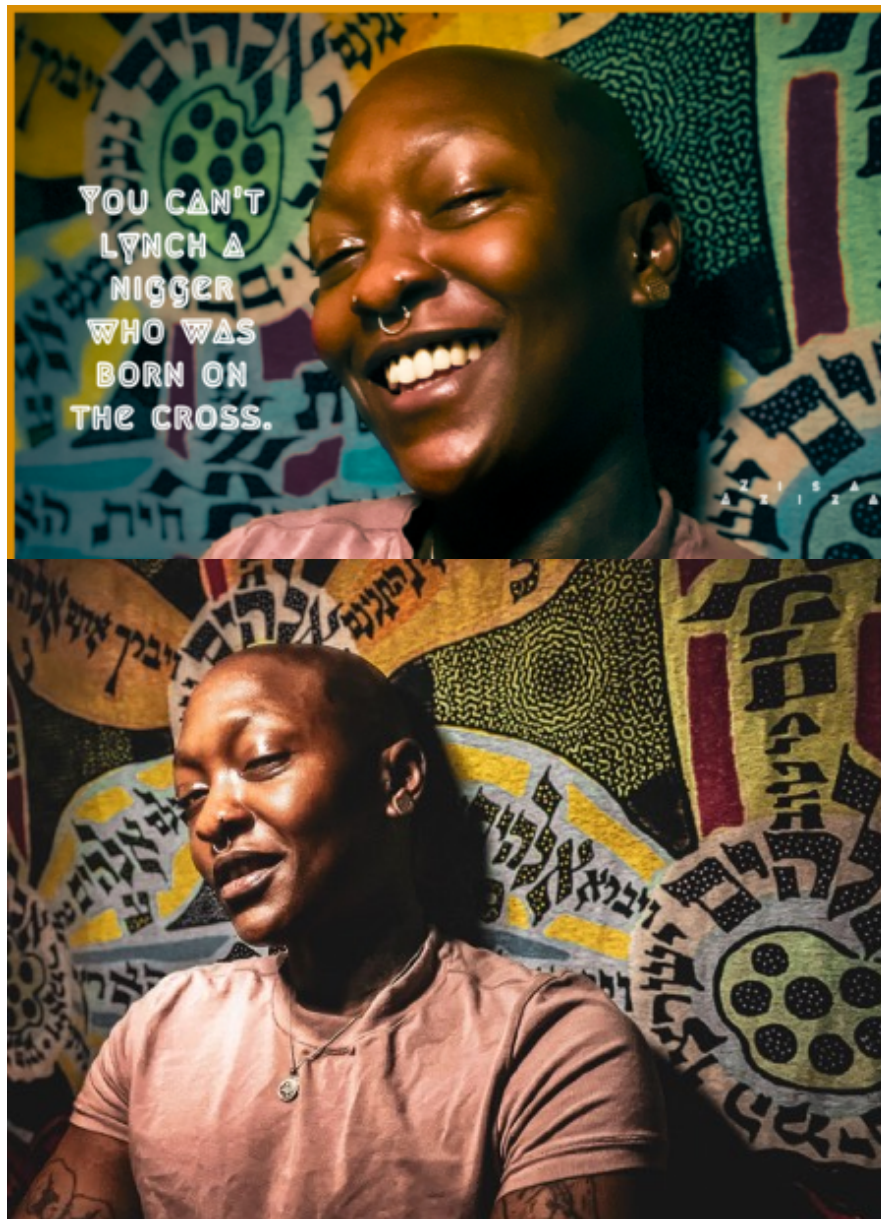
"When the
hunter mimics
the hunted,
it disorients
the prey."

Zisa Aziza



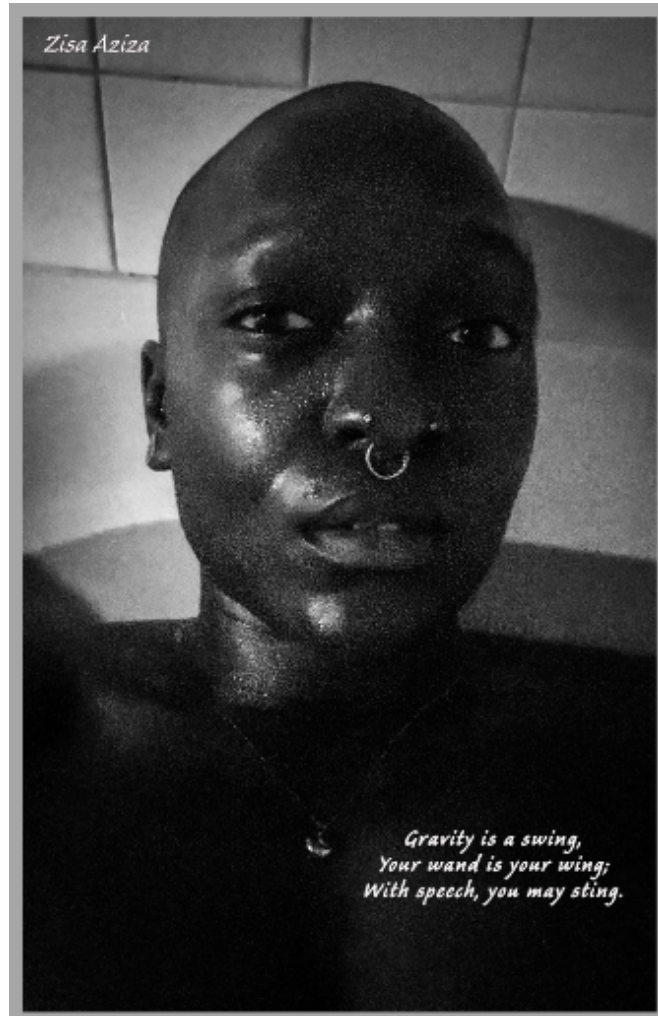






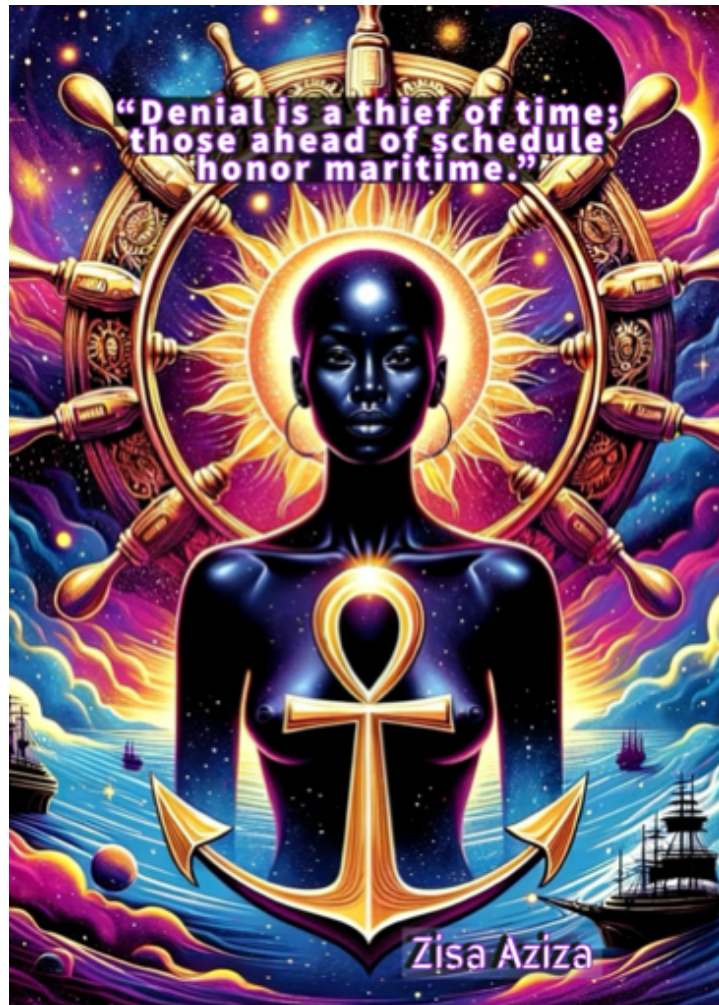


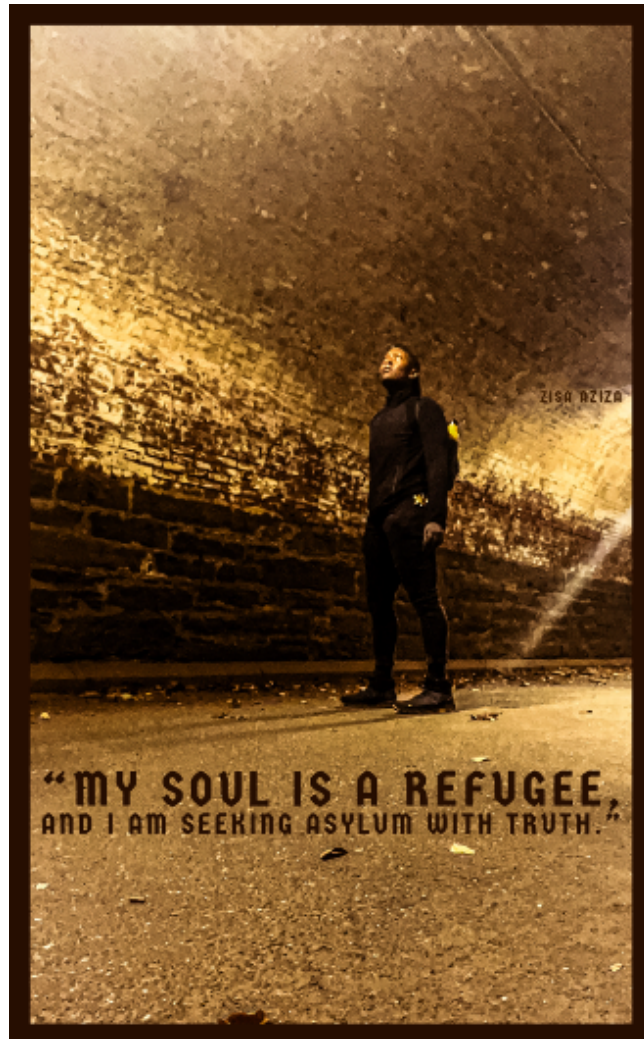




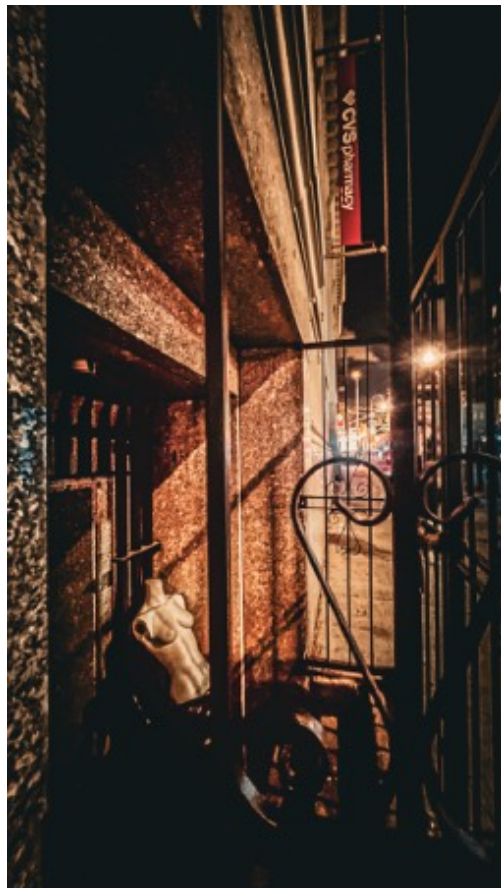


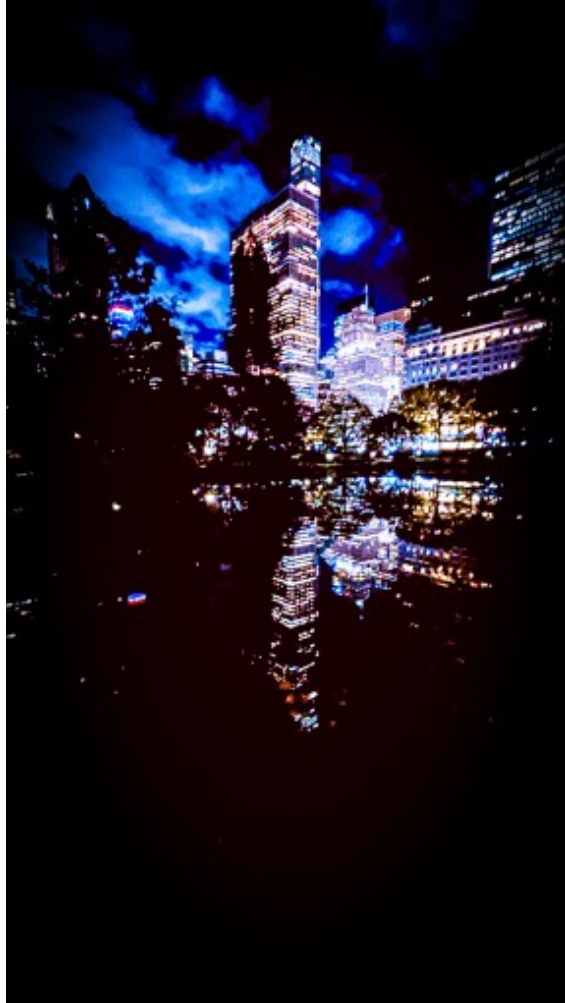
























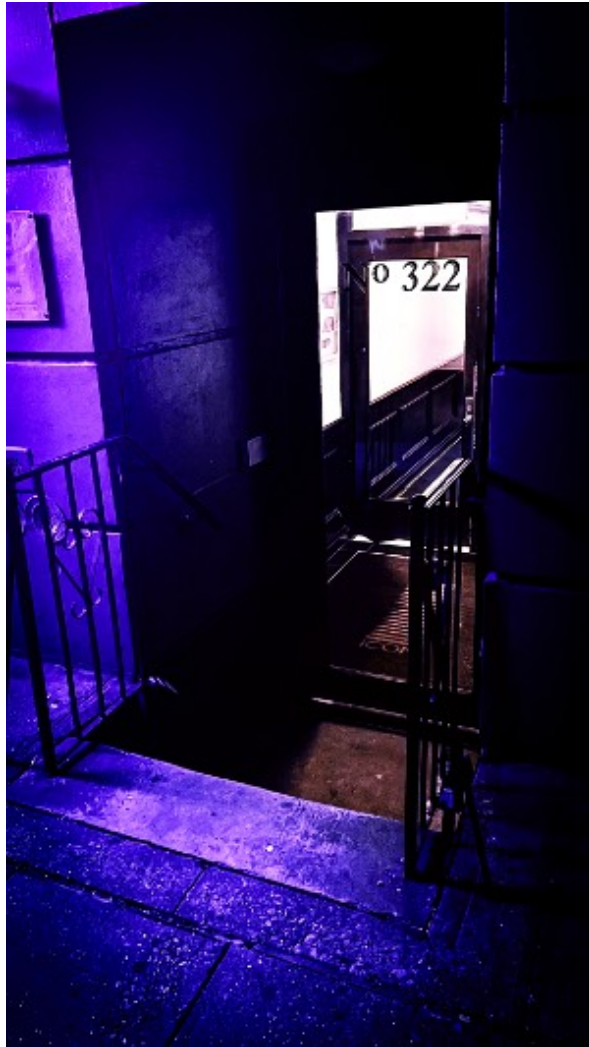














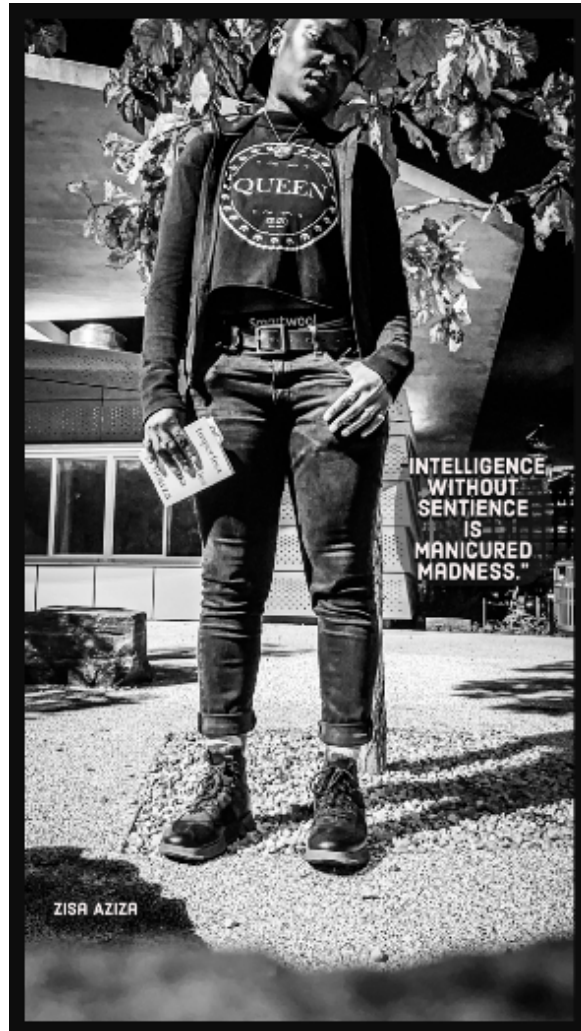














FIAT JUSTITIA RUAT CAELUM:
IF THE PLANTATION IS IDEOLOGICAL,
THE REVOLUTION IS METAPHYSICAL.
BECAUSE RACIAL CAPITALISM IS PARASITICAL,
MY INSURGENCY WILL BE MYSTICAL.



ZISA AZIZA

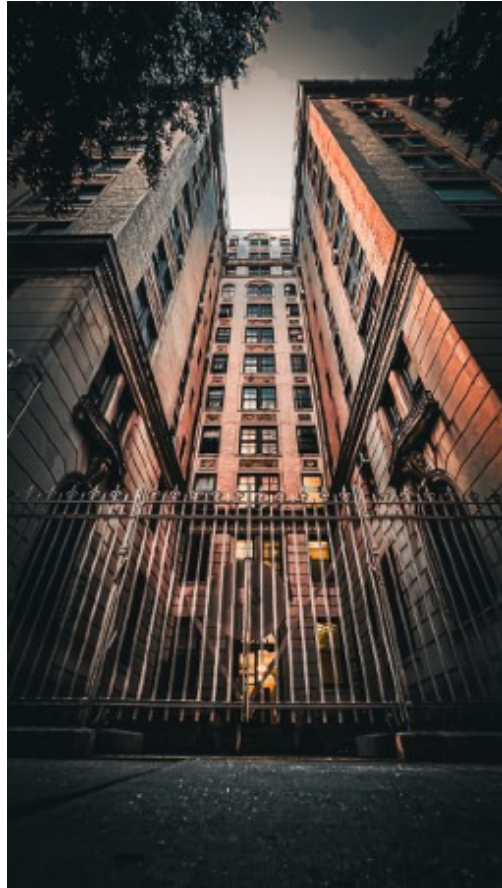








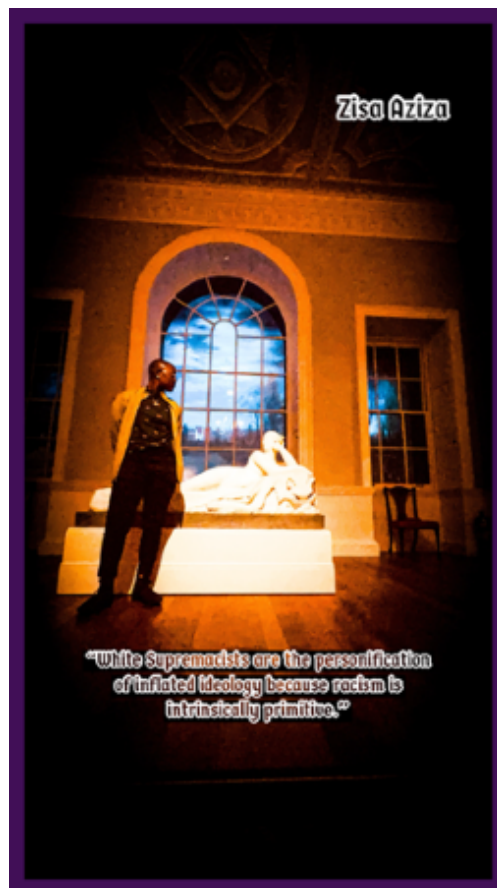


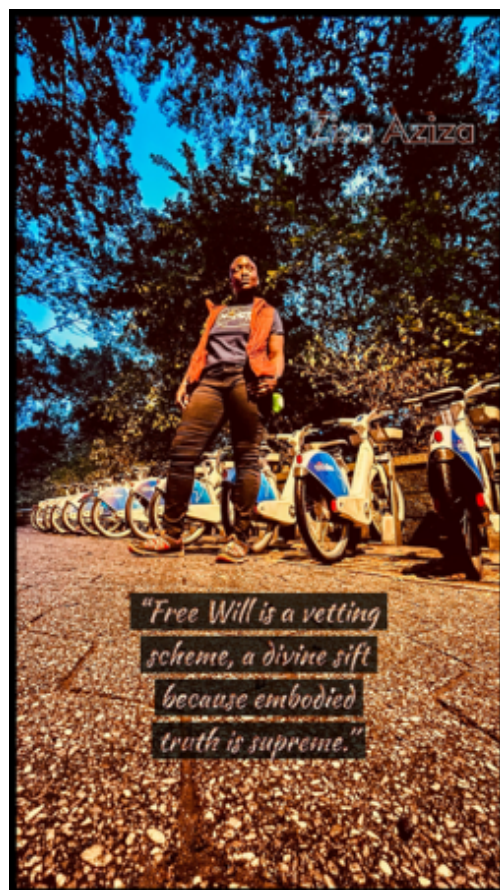










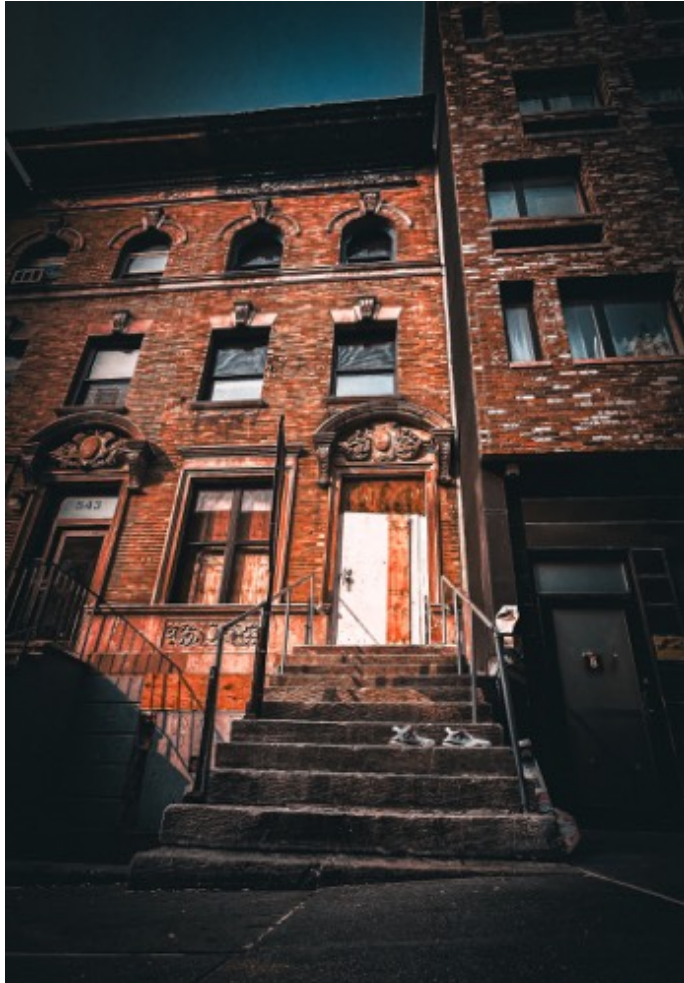


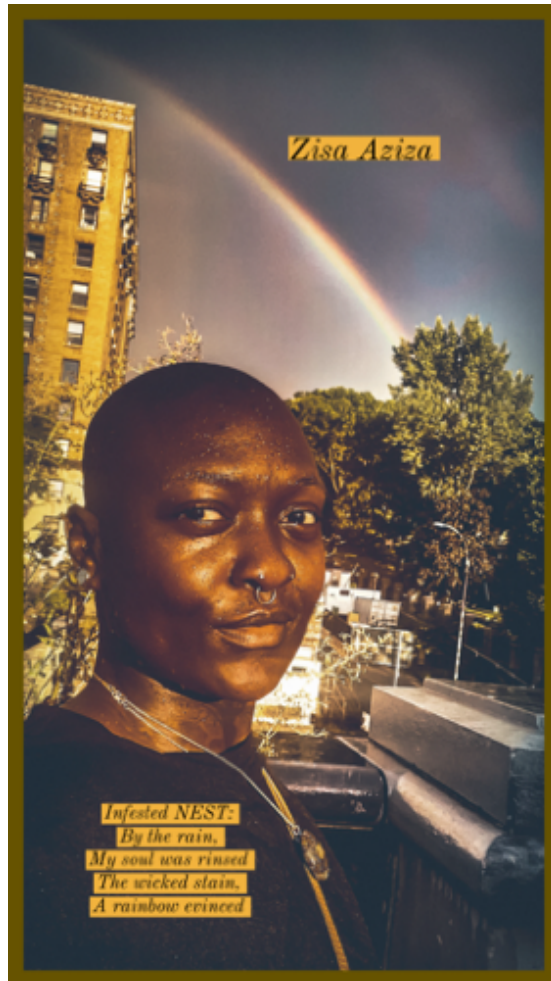










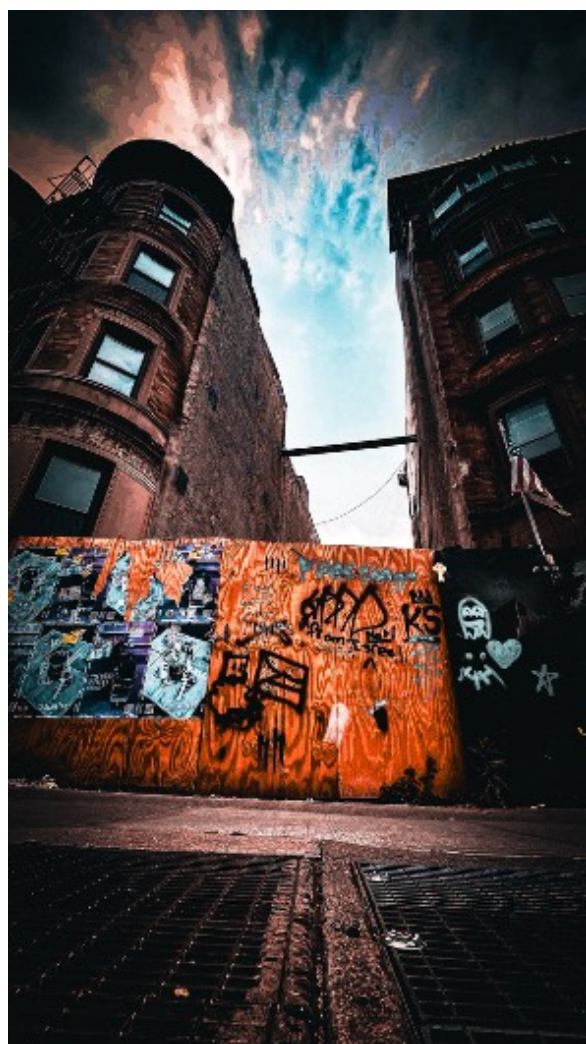












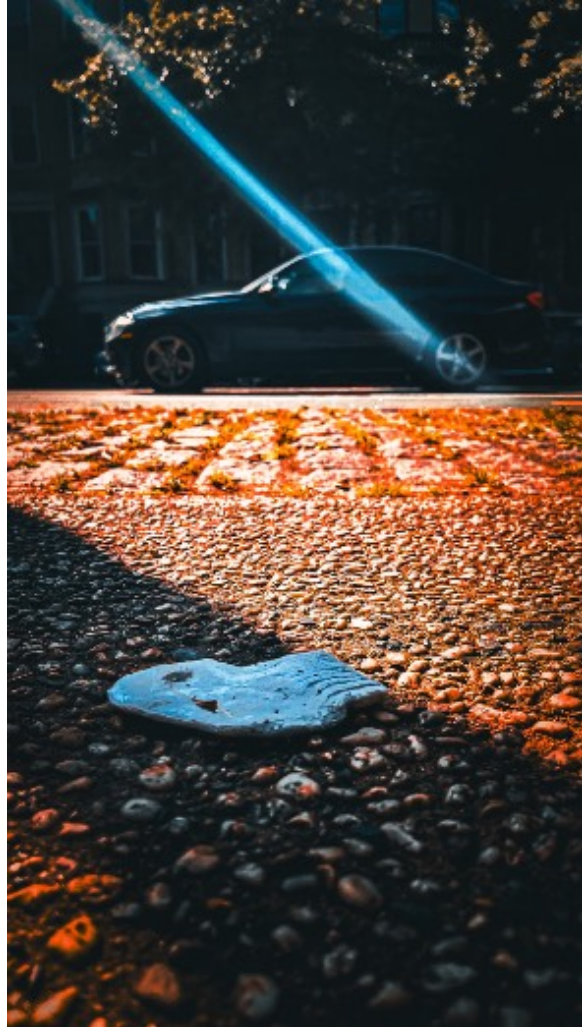










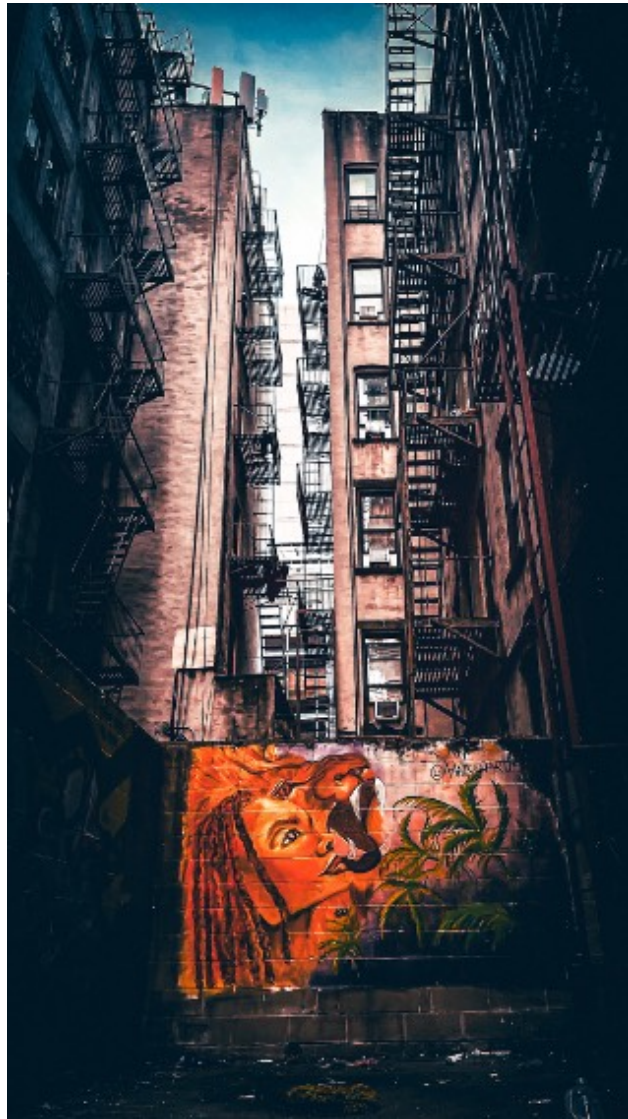
























A pathogenic code can be intelligent, while lacking
logicality; Anecdotal empiricism assuages abnormality.
Evil wears many bows with its tie;
The tragedy we belite.
-Lisa Axtree

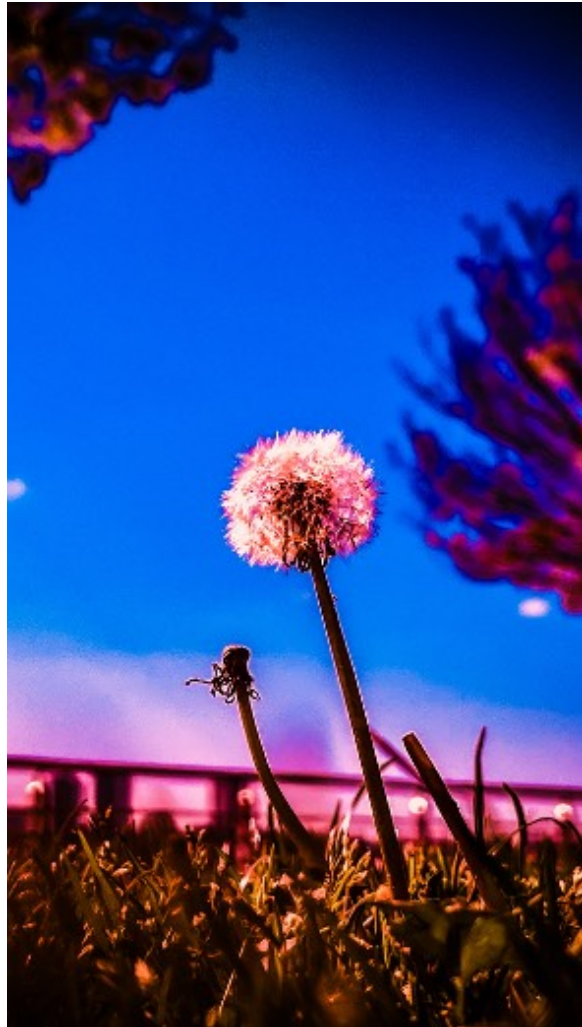




Implicit Grace.
We, a split strand;
Clandestine contraband
I trust our estates;
My love ovulates
-Zlisa Aziza











DEAR GOD (JUST CURIOUS)
 DID YOU CATFISH ME? MULTIPLE SYNCHRONICITIES, DREAMS, POETIC
 STIMULUS...
 DID I HEX THE WRONG DREAMCATCHER?
 OOPS—I THINK 🙄
 IN ANY CASE, IT WAS A JOYFUL SOAK IN THE WONDERS OF ANTICIPATED
 LOVE AND ITS DIVINE MANIFESTATION
 HOWEVER, LET'S FORGO DRAFTED PREVIEWS, NO MORE IMITATION
 ONLY THE TRUEST ITERATION
 THANK YOU
 GOD

Sacred Satire:
 I wade into the memories,
 Scan my DNA like directories
 Time and place are entangled
 The heart messages you send are mangled
 Both fear and doubt I left strangled
 But hope mumbles, she fumbles;
 In the quiet, the dream stumbles





DEAR PEOPLE OF THE FUTURE:

YOU MUST BE LIVING IN THE WORLD I SAW ON THE SHYF NETWORK, OR READ OF IN SCI-FI BOOKS. I TRIED, YOU KNOW. I KNEW YOUR ENSLAVEMENT WOULD BE MORE SEVERE THAN MY OWN. I KNEW THE TOXIFICATION OF THIS PLANET WOULD HOLD YOU HOSTAGE. I KNEW DISENFRANCHISEMENT AND DESTITUTION WOULD SUBSIST ALONG A BROADER SPECTRUM OF HUMAN LIFE. I CRIED MANY NIGHTS. I EVEN STAYED UP, ON SOME, AND WROTE AS I CRIED. I SWEAR I TRIED.

BUT THE MIND IS A HARD THING TO FREE. PEOPLE JUST CAN'T SEE. I THOUGHT WORDS COULD UNCLOAK THESE CHAINS AND BARS AND COLLARS WE ADORE. I WAS MISTAKEN. I WAS WRONG. HOW DO YOU TELL AN ENSLAVED NATION THAT THEIR NOTION OF FREEDOM IS A GRADATION OF GLOBAL ENSLAVEMENT? HOW DO YOU TELL PEOPLE WHO

TOTE DEMOCRACY AND JUSTICE IN THEIR MOUTHS, AS THEY DROOL OF NARCISSISM, THAT THEY HAVE A STAKE IN THIS FIGHT TOO? I WATCHED THE FREEST OF NATIONS TURN INTO THINGS THAT SEEMED TO MIMIC THE VERY NATIONS AMERIKA CHORED AND LABELED "THIRD WORLD." I WATCHED SCHOOLS TEACH LIKE THEY WERE ON RECESS BECAUSE THEY RAN OUT OF MONEY. I WATCHED THE HEALTH-CARE INDUSTRY PICK AND CHOOSE WHO COULD LIVE BECAUSE THEY BECAME GOD. I SORE WITNESS TO THE TRANSITION OF THE AMERIKAN CONSTITUTION FROM A STATE OF PROMINENCE TO IRRELEVANCE, WHEN AMERIKA INSTITUTED THE PATRIOT ACT. I WATCHED AMERIKA BECOME A POLICE STATE AGAINST MYTHOLOGICAL TERRORISM AND THE SANGSTER LIES OF 9/11. I WATCHED UNCLE SAM CLEAR BANK ACCOUNTS DURING

THE HOUSING CRISIS AND WALL STREET BAILOUTS. I WATCHED BIG BROTHER GET BIGGER AND RULE THE LIVES OF FREED PEOPLE LIKE A

DIKTATOR WITH CONGRESSIONAL PUPPETS BY HIS SIDE. AMID THE MUTATIONS OF AMERIKAN FREEDOM, I FELT KNOCKING PERMENT AND THE TASTE WAS GRIM. I KNEW WHERE THE WORLD WAS HEADED AND I TRIED TO BLOW MY HORN. I TRIED TO LEAVE MESSAGES THAT WERE DIPPED IN DESPERATION FOR HUMAN UNIFICATION. I TRIED TO LEAVE BREADCRUMBS SPIKED WITH REVOLUTION AT DAWN, HOPING SOMEONE WOULD BE HUNGRY ENOUGH TO FOLLOW DURING THE DAY. I HAD HOPED THAT AMERIKAN WOULD VENTURE DOWN A PATH OF EMPATHY AND CLARITY. UNFORTUNATELY, AMERIKAN WERE INOCULATED WITH BLINDNESS UPON BIRTH. IN THE ABSENCE OF VISION, FICTION CAN SUBSTITUTE REALITY. THEREFORE, I COMMITTED MY EFFORTS TO FORMULATING AN ANTIDOTE FOR OBLIVION.

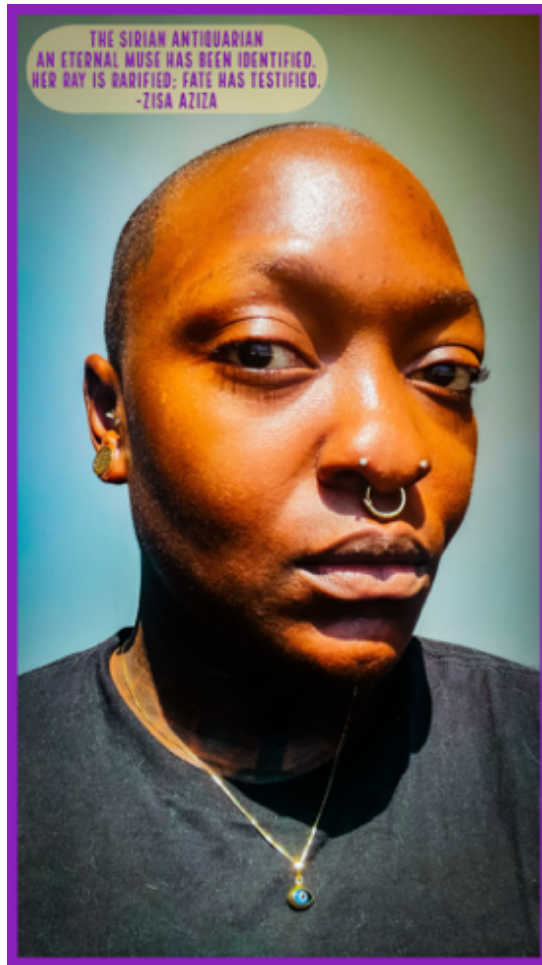
IN WORD & DEED, ZISA AZIZA



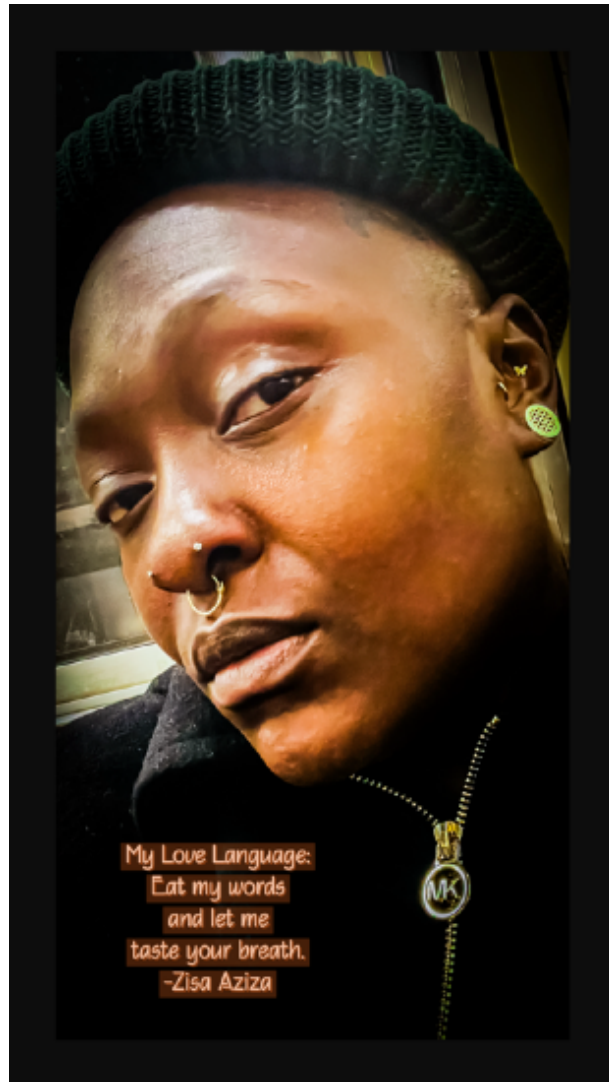


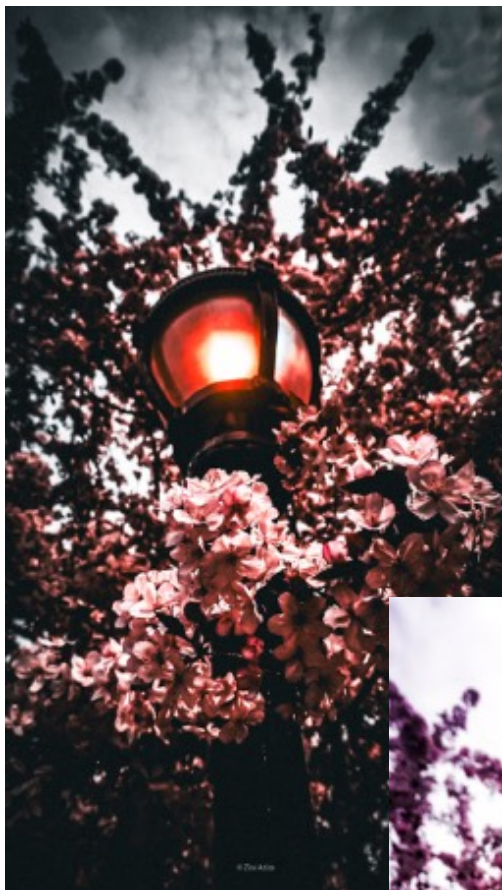
I bear witness to my
nonlinear testimony's
unraveling. I smell the
fog's dismantling.
-Zisa Aziza

© Zisa Aziza

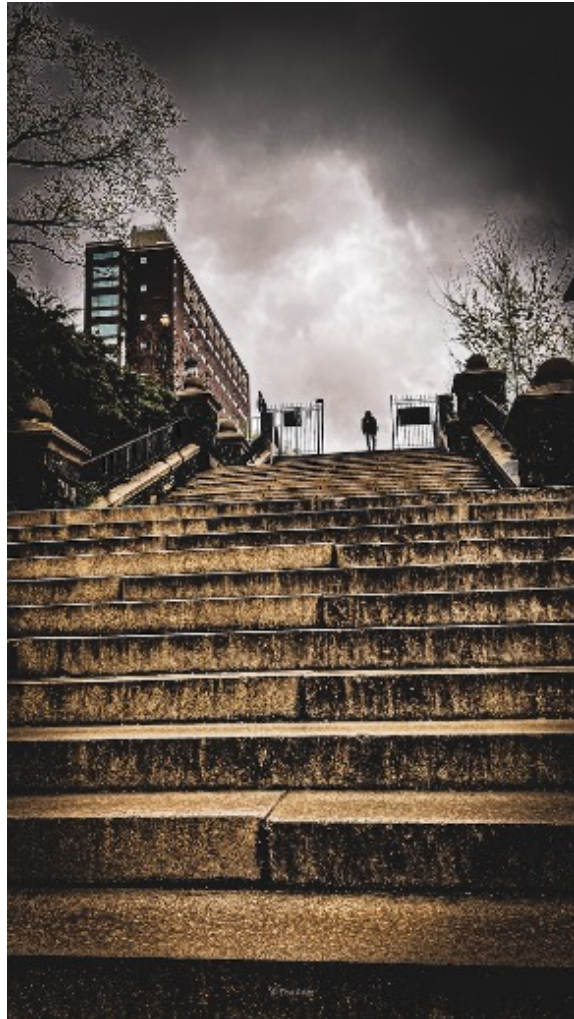
















Billet-doux for "Dorothy": #001

I am a cherry blossom,

Upon whom the sun has dripped

My skin is ripped;

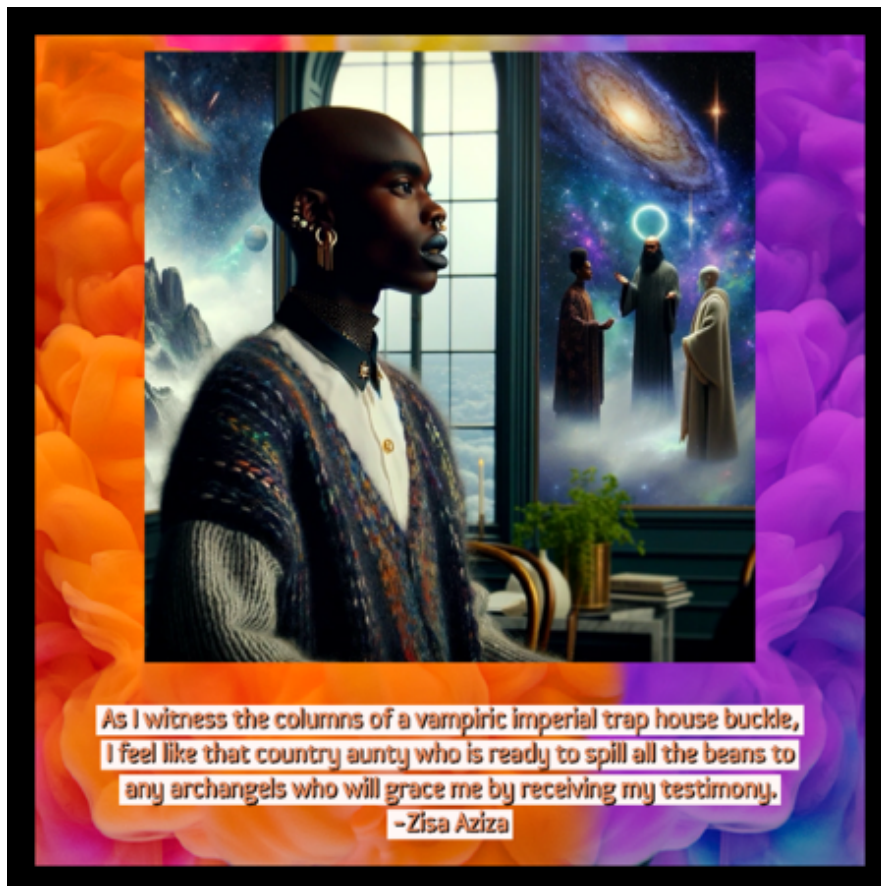
My petals ache to be sipped.

-Zisa Aziza











On the world's stage, we are watching people who self-identify as Jewish rape and massacre a bloodline while demanding emotional child support for those not yet exterminated as they seethe over any modicum of accountability because these self-identified Jewish people are the authentic victims engaged in self-defense and not a multigenerational genocide as colonial settlers.

-Zisa Aziza



"When we
externalize
our authority,

we outsource
our destiny."
-Zisa Aziza













"WHEN THE ZIONIST IS A
COLONIST OF IDENTITY, THE
FIDELITY OF CLARITY BEARS
A TEXTUAL LEPROSY."
-ZISA AZIZA



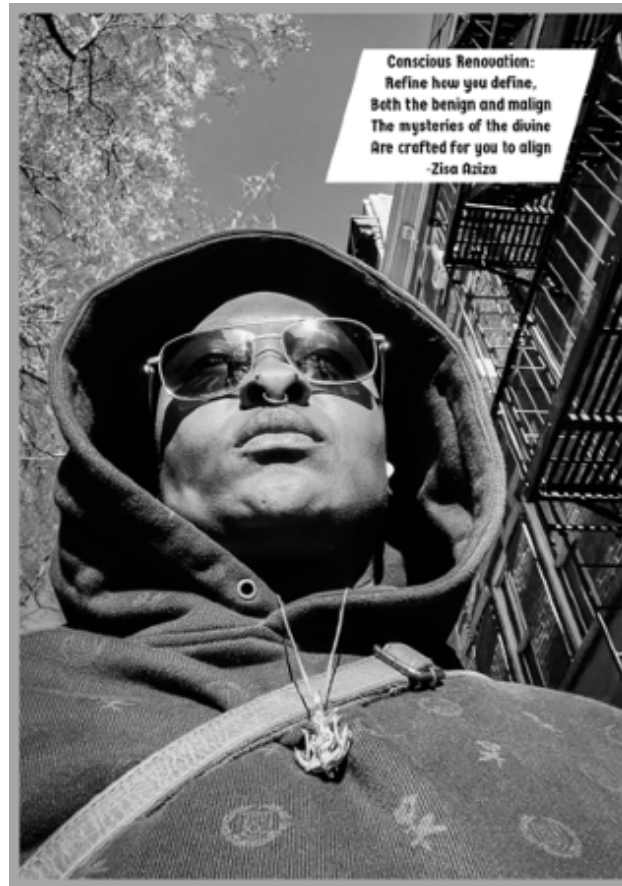








Neither vertical nor binary,
in the nuance, build a
constellation.
Remember: It's never personal
because demons need to
play; ground your darkness,
protect your bay.
-Zisa Ariza











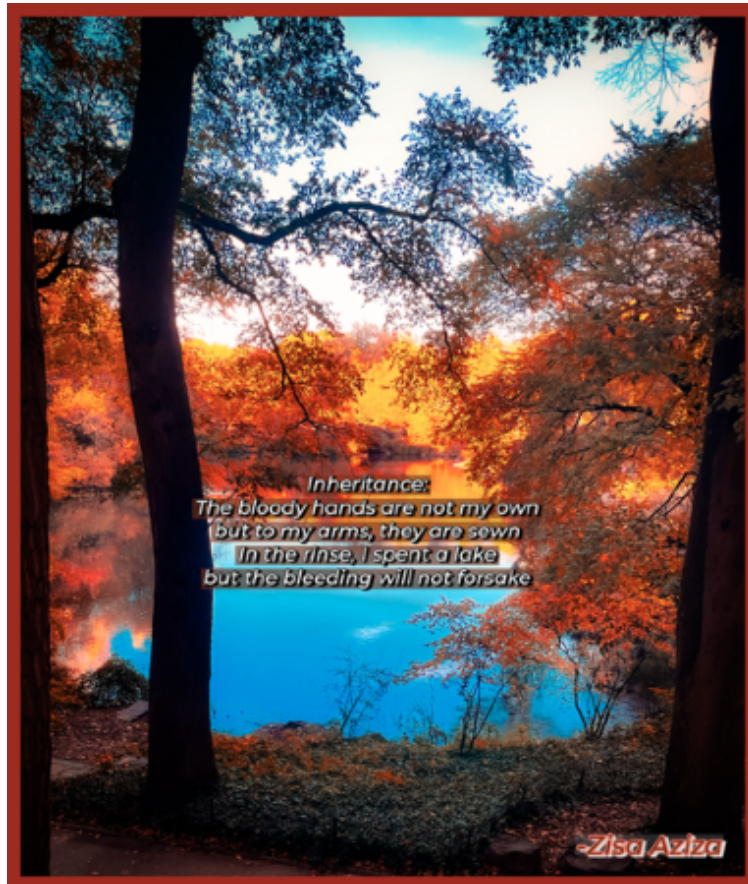


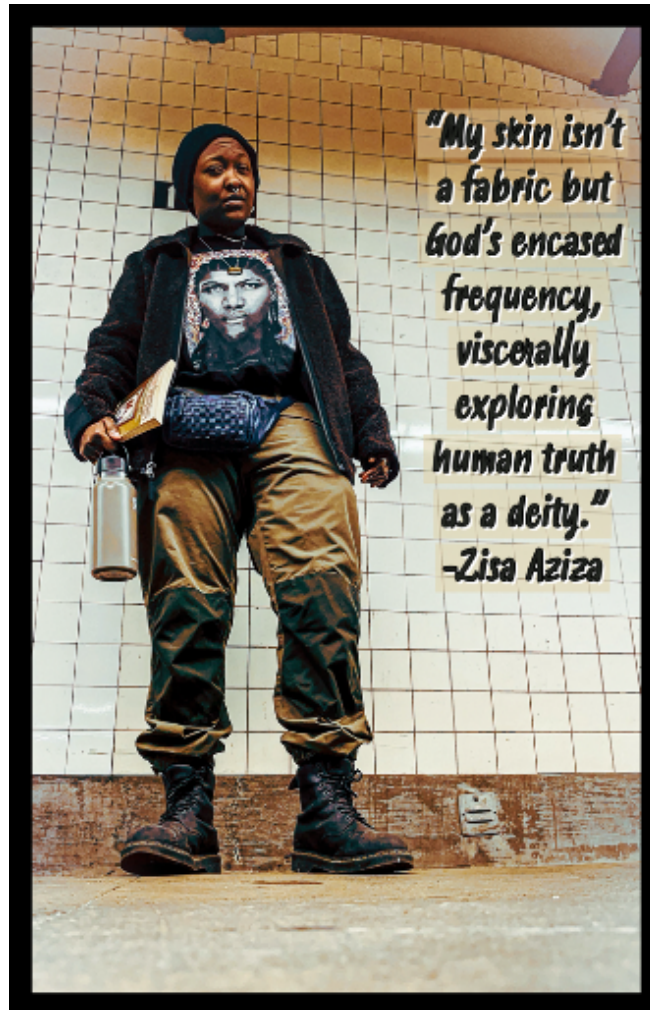


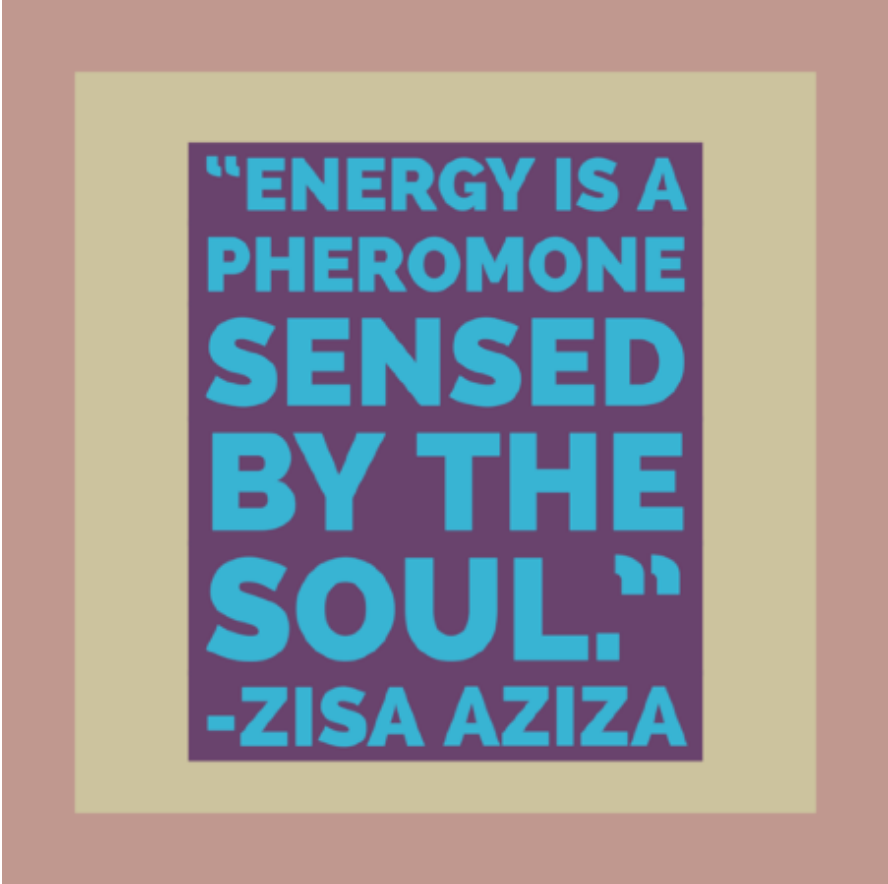
*Shawl:
Born covered
By the covenant;
Stainless, is
God's garment*





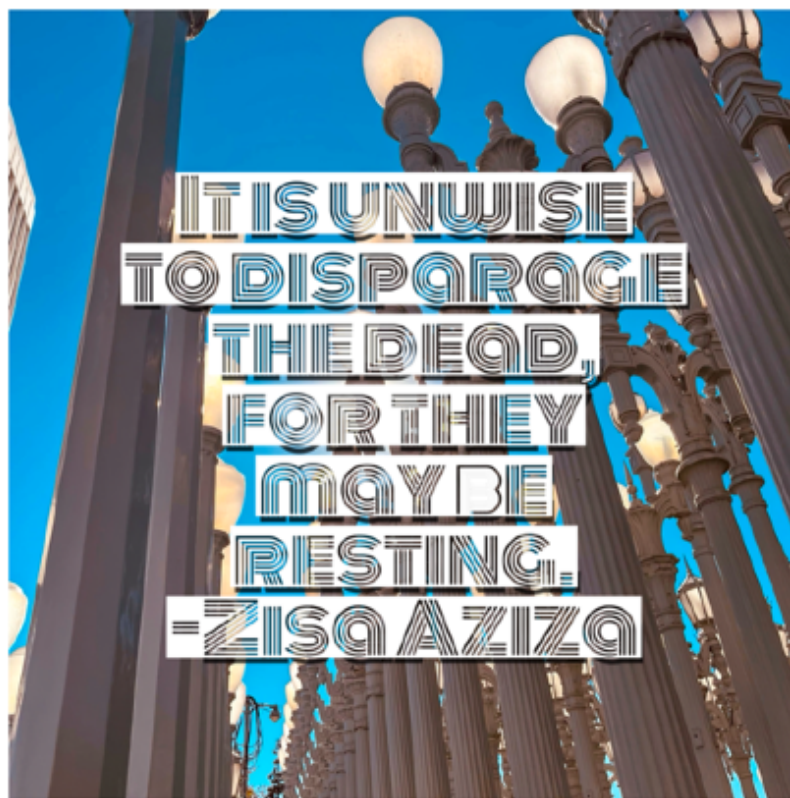




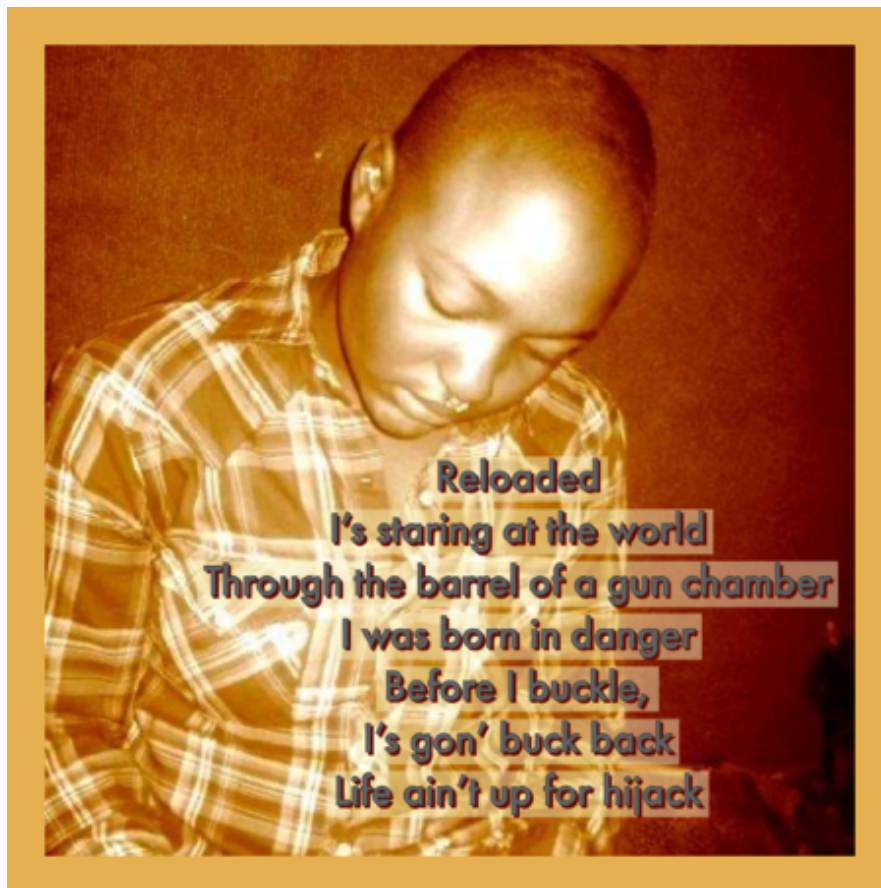


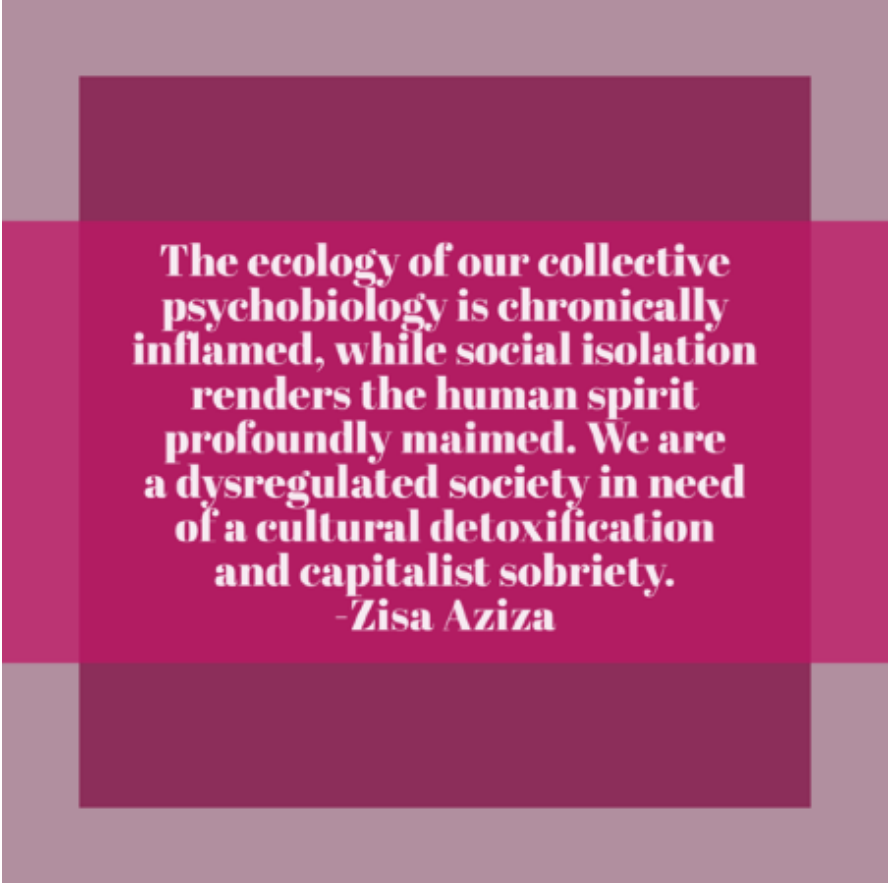
**"ENERGY IS A
PHEROMONE
SENSED
BY THE
SOUL."
-ZISA AZIZA**





**Hedging Oppression:
After I took an axe to
the tree,
I found a stump growing
inside of me
I'll be an amputee
before I become free;
For these roots will be
the death of me.
-Zisa Aziza**





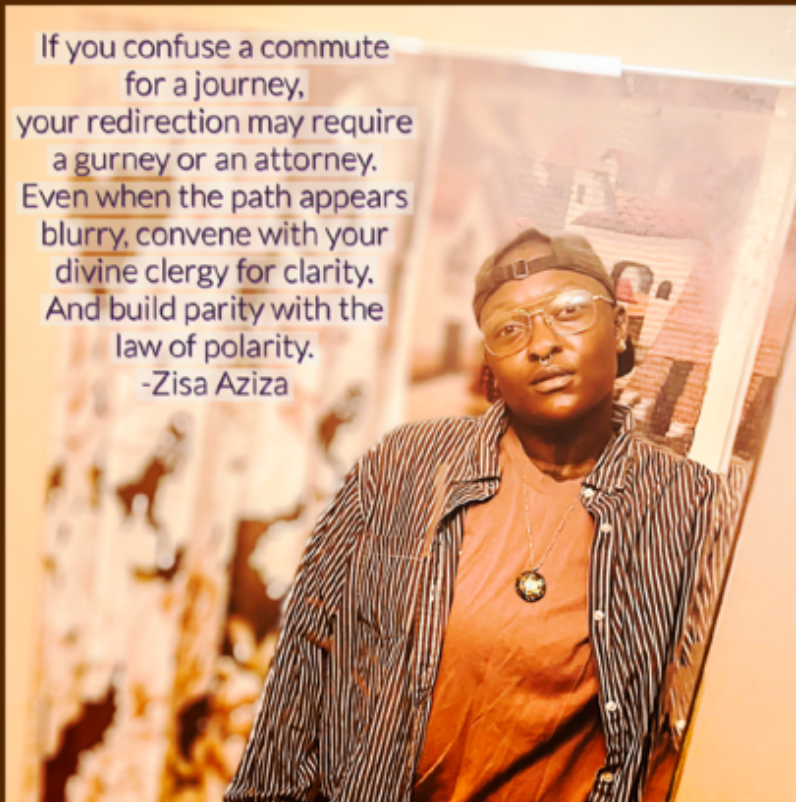
**The ecology of our collective
psychobiology is chronically
inflamed, while social isolation
renders the human spirit
profoundly maimed. We are
a dysregulated society in need
of a cultural detoxification
and capitalist sobriety.
-Zisa Aziza**

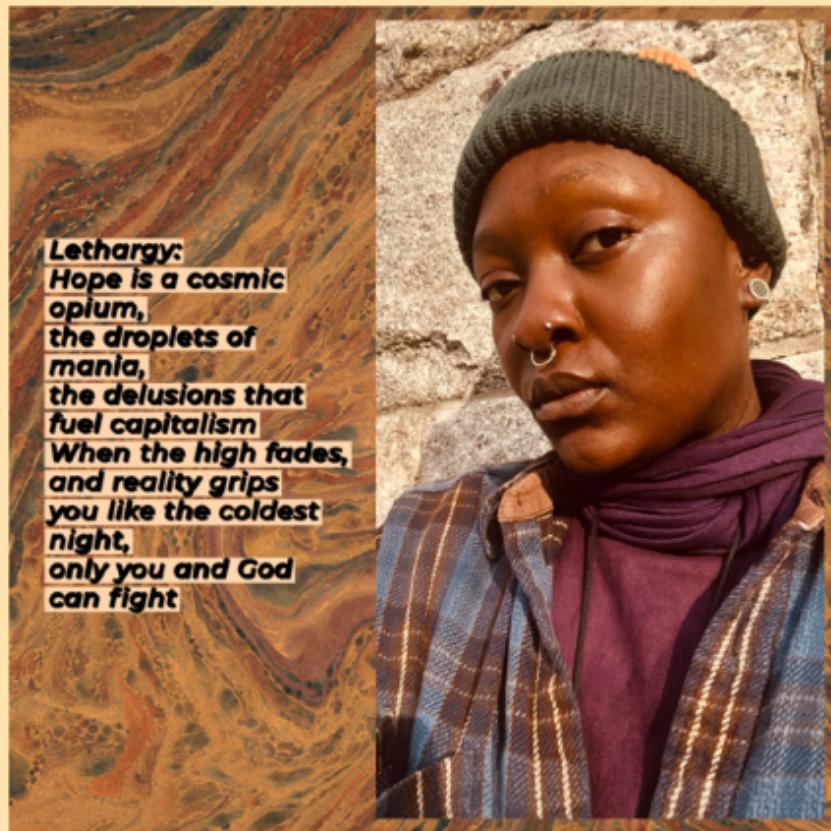


*Feuds and Serfs:
Time is a ghost clerk
Karma lurks for the
murk*

*Earth's preserves,
Are God's reserves
We not the same
You a tame frame
If I bark, I maim
May all the kids revel
in play
I pray for the prey,
who don't know the
dimension or day*

If you confuse a commute
for a journey,
your redirection may require
a gurney or an attorney.
Even when the path appears
blurry, convene with your
divine clergy for clarity.
And build parity with the
law of polarity.
-Zisa Aziza





**If medicine is
business, and care is
the commodity,
actualized health
impedes the
profitability of
morbidity.
-Zisa Aziza**



Some of
us can
perceive
the artifices
of the
hologram,
while others
live through
telegram.
-Zisa Aziza

My whole life has
been an existential
riot;
I need a psychic diet
void of vicarious
trauma.
I inherited the wrong
stuff from my mama.

**DON'T LAY
DOWN
YOUR SOUL
UNTIL YOUR
VERY LAST
PULSE**





"When the caterpillar tears
her bright wings, with twigs
she'll endure flings, but the
shy is a dream to which she
clings, and with the wind
she innately sings."

Zisa Aziza



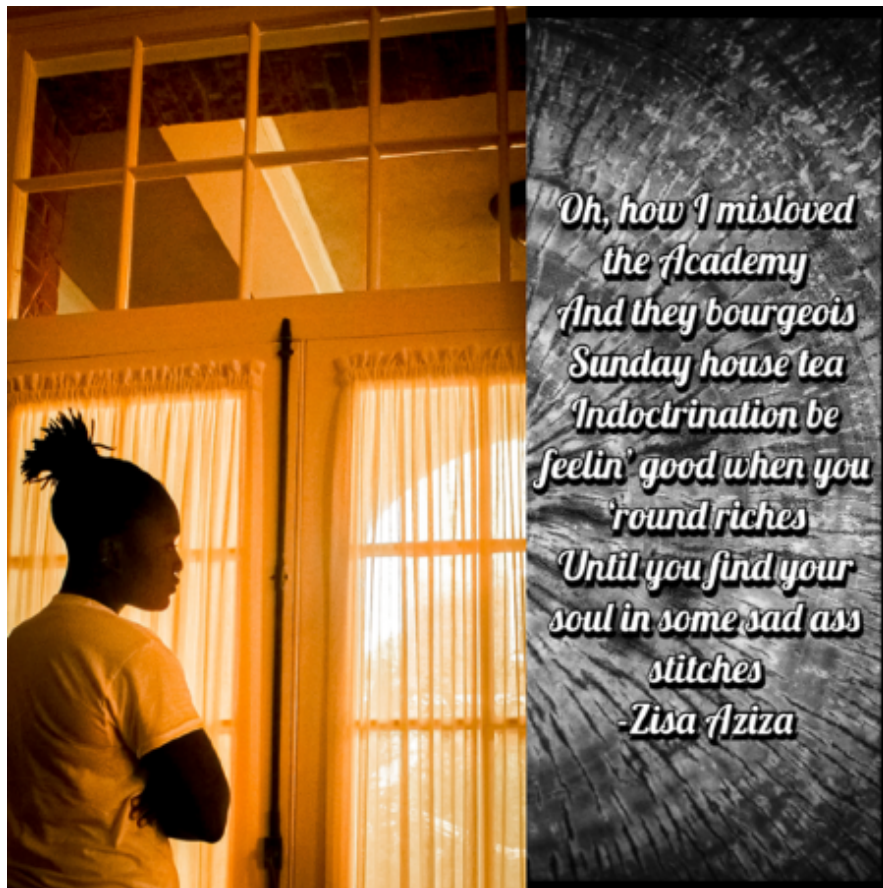
Golden Tongue:
Suppose I am a patriot
of a genocidal
cross-dressing
adrenochrome addict
who besieges
imperialism under
the guise of a democratized
moralistic crusader
of civilized modernity.
Do I also drink the
blood of this perverse
fraternity?
-Zisa Aziza











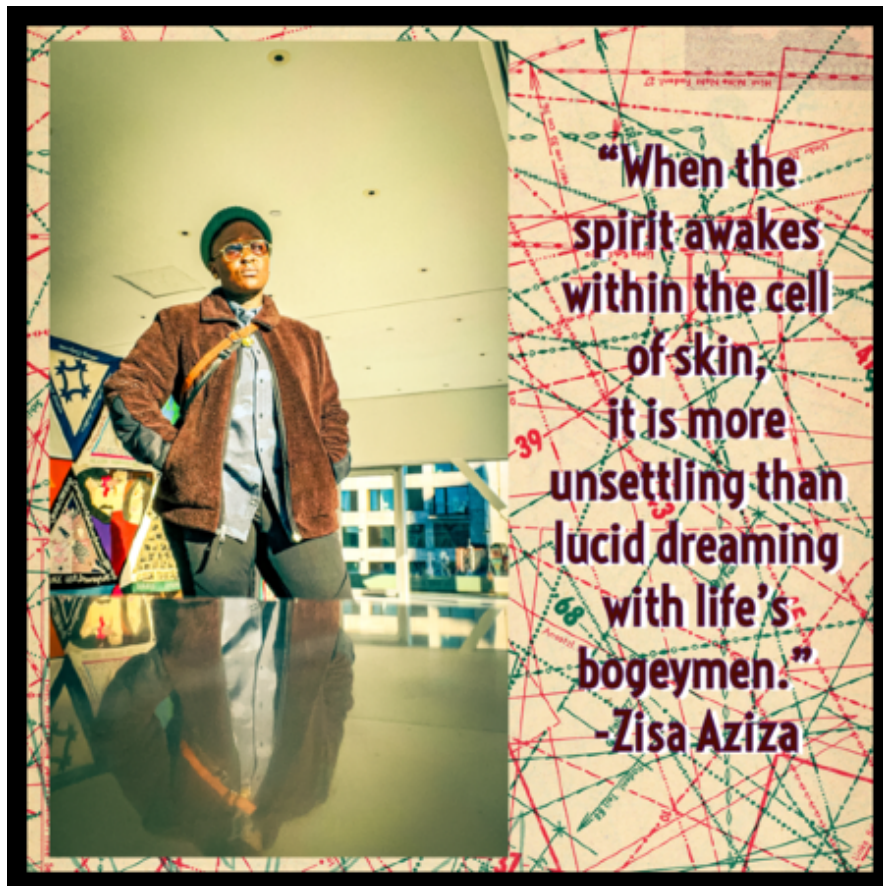


I'd rather go into
the fire
having repented for
living the life of a
liar
Than to go blindly
into the heat
expecting a sweet
retreat
And for ye who
believeth the
trickery,
History is a mystery
made slippery
-Zisa Aziza



'Conclusively,
a good liar tells
the truth but
not the whole
truth—provocateurs
of impassivity
who invoke
confusion with
duplicity."
-Zisa Aziza









Resolve:
If I am not to smell
my flowers,
May my legacy be
the pollen
That engulfs the
befallen towers;
And by God, may
victory be ours
-Zisa Aziza



*"The bifurcation ain't about nations;
We are jurors of divine litigation."*

-Zija Aziza

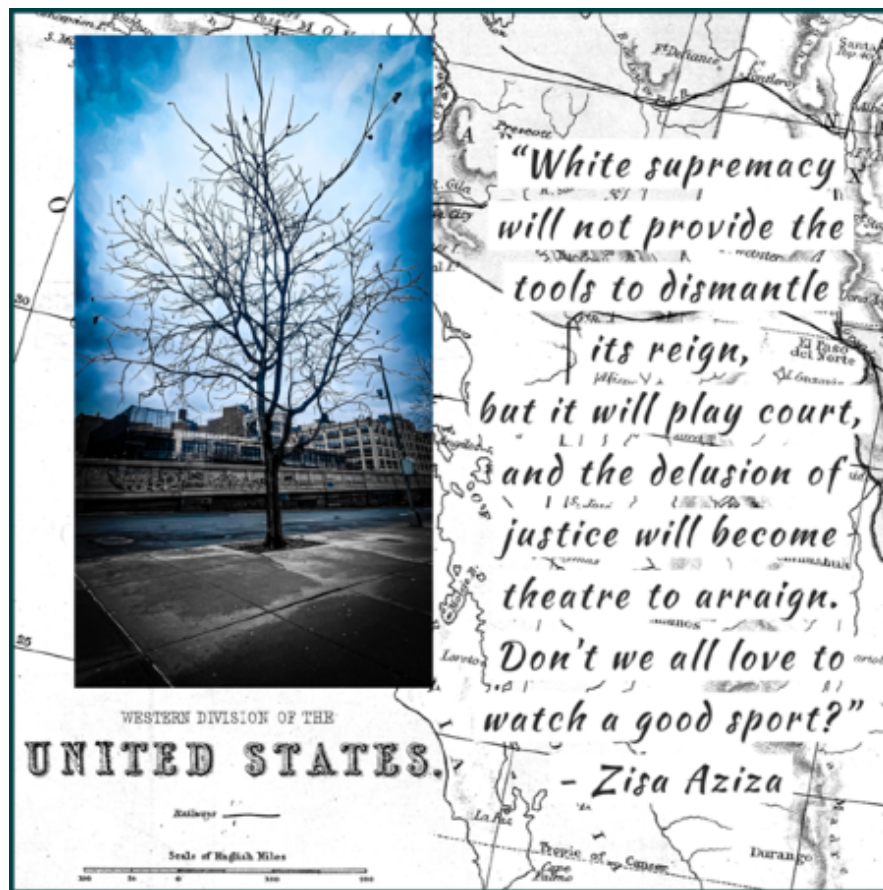


"And thus, I
had to write.
It is the only
weapon [gift]
I have as a
negress."
-Zisa Aziza

*“When read
and integrated,
the scripture
I write
is a firewall
against the
cabal—
whose foremost
interest is
to render
you uninitiated.”*

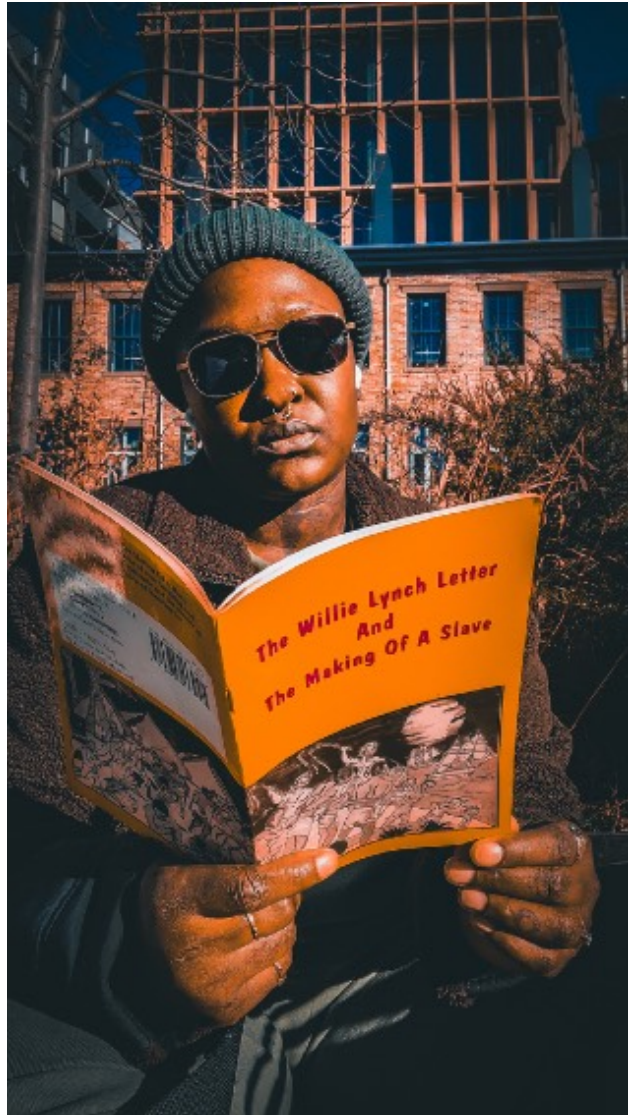








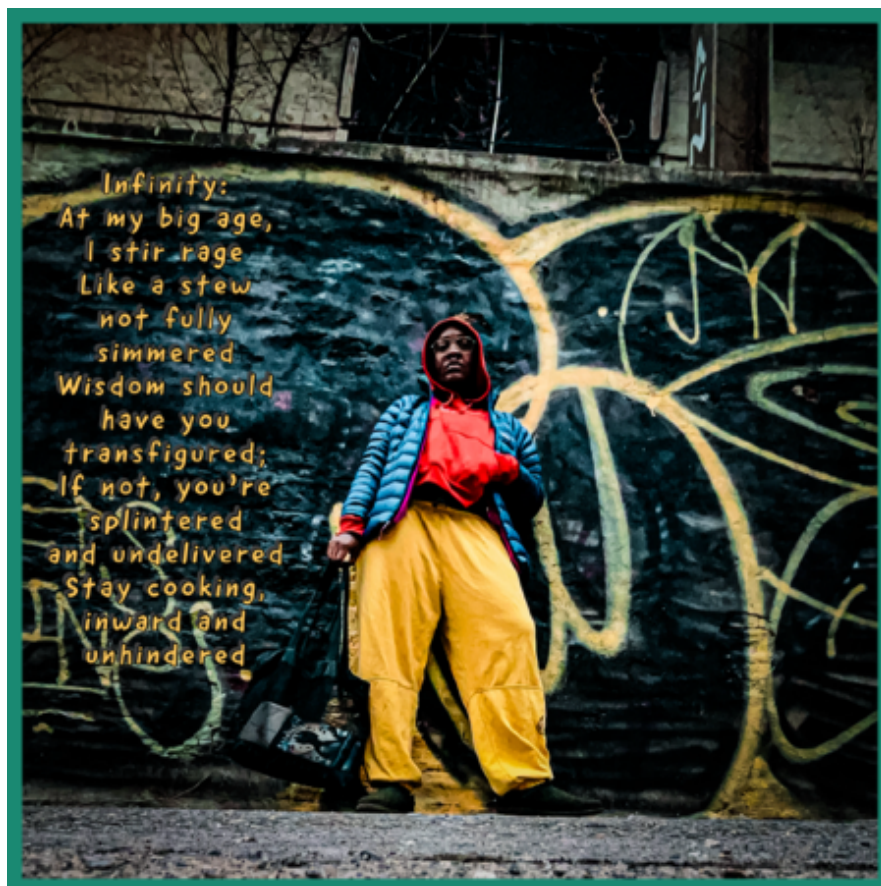
PIER 57:
I AM THE
MOTHER OF
THE ENDANGERED;
DESTINY IS A
DICE ROLL UPON
WHICH I WAGERED
I CAME TO COP
THE KEYS
MY LINEAGE
OF PHARISEES
STAY OVERSEAS
TIME ATE MY
PLEAS
HAIL MARY
BURN THE BOAT
I'M THE LAST
FERRY





*"The body is the
colony of the
spirit,
and the soul is
its overseer;
I insurrect as
consciousness,
guided by divine
ordinance."
-Zisa Aziza*







**Therapy became
a site of consensual
gaslighting and
a solicitation of
rehabilitation
that was voyeuristic
emotional
indoctrination.**

**Enticed subservience
was the therapist's
duty to fulfill
socially normative
conscriptioin.
In these trenches,
only God is my
physician.**





**"I woke up in a cemetery,
neither ghost nor living;
Where I write an obituary
that is evolutionary."**

**"You cannot teach what
you have yet to learn;
and what you have learned
may not be worth teaching."**

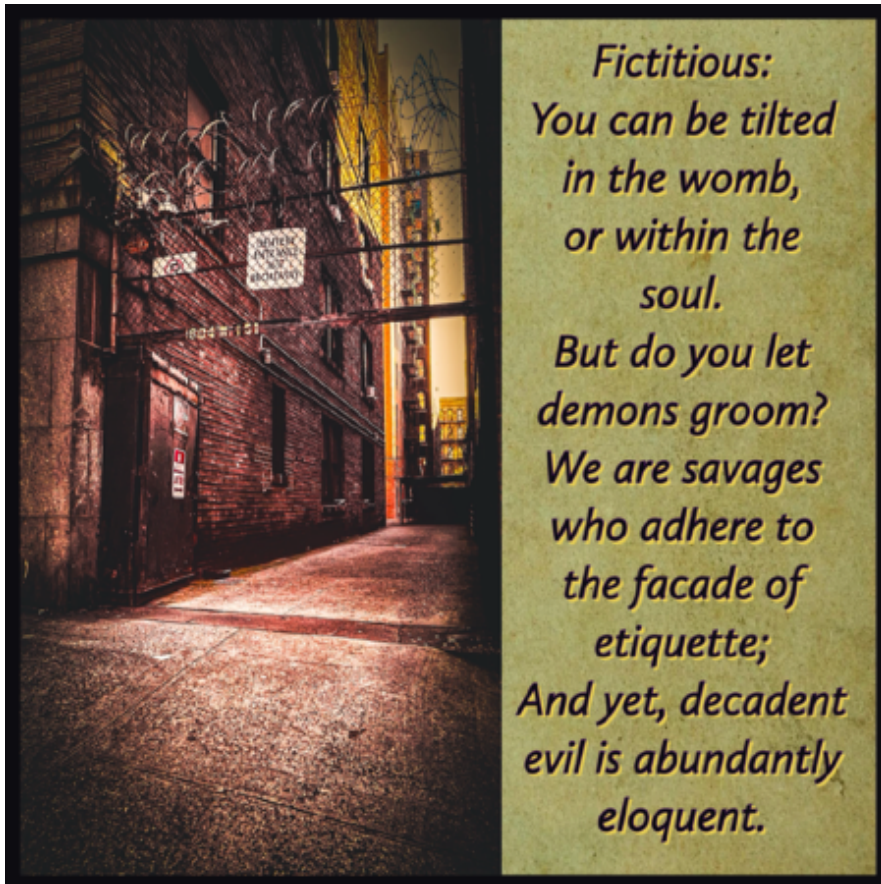




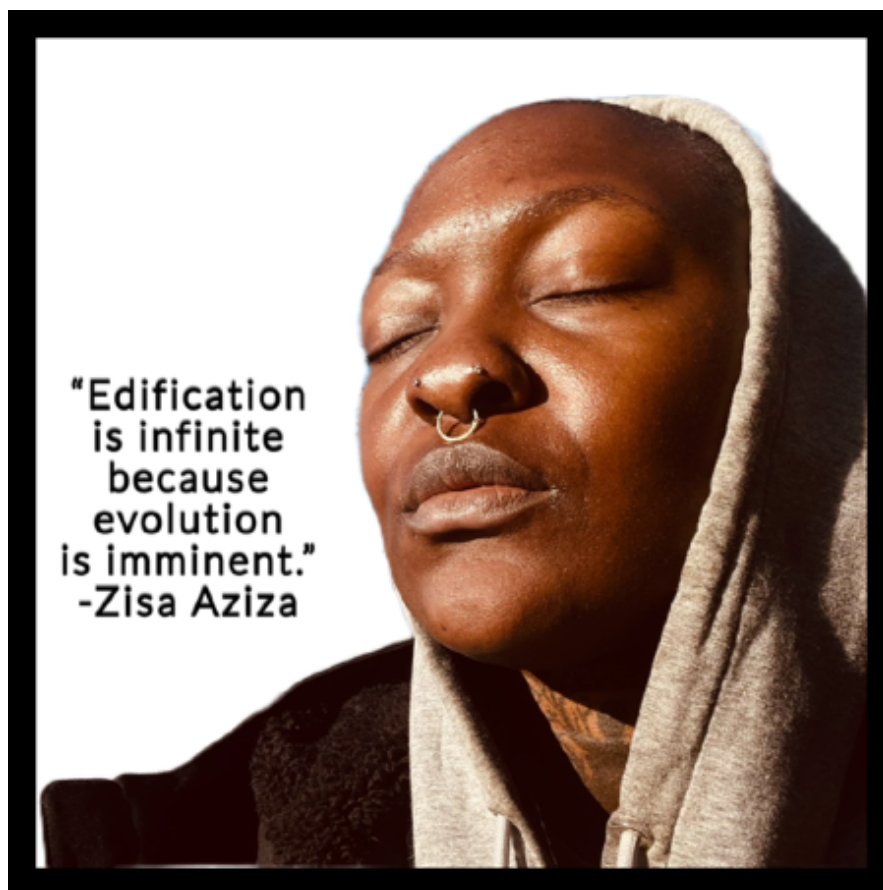
Ma'at:
raise your
octave
or run to
the grave
only the
brave
will survive
the wave







*Fictitious:
You can be tilted
in the womb,
or within the
soul.
But do you let
demons groom?
We are savages
who adhere to
the facade of
etiquette;
And yet, decadent
evil is abundantly
eloquent.*

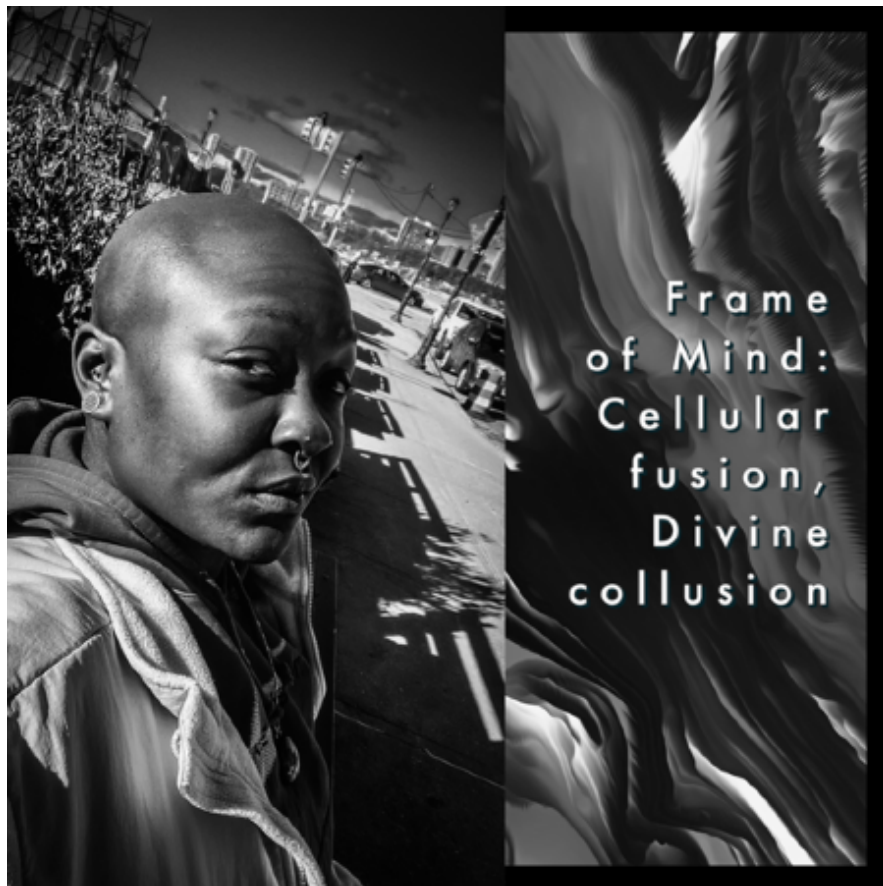


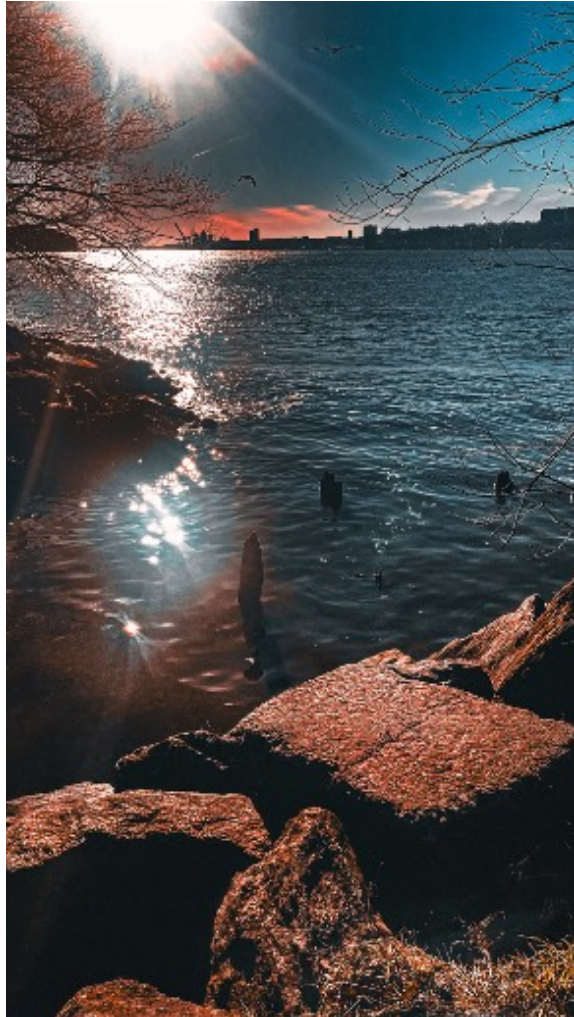


Spiritual Eugenics:
A panoramic view of the
firmament lends a nuanced
understanding of ecology and
virology; although oppression is
a ubiquitous symptom regarding
contagion, I don't believe its
cure is as efficacious as
the disease is voracious.















Guarded Womb

To she who is inconceivable.

For a world that remains irredeemable

I mourn an unusable portal

Knowingly, to be mortal

Is feasting on seasoned marble

Where the Negress and her melanin are venison

Either my heart or soul is prolapse;

To be both sacred and yet scraps

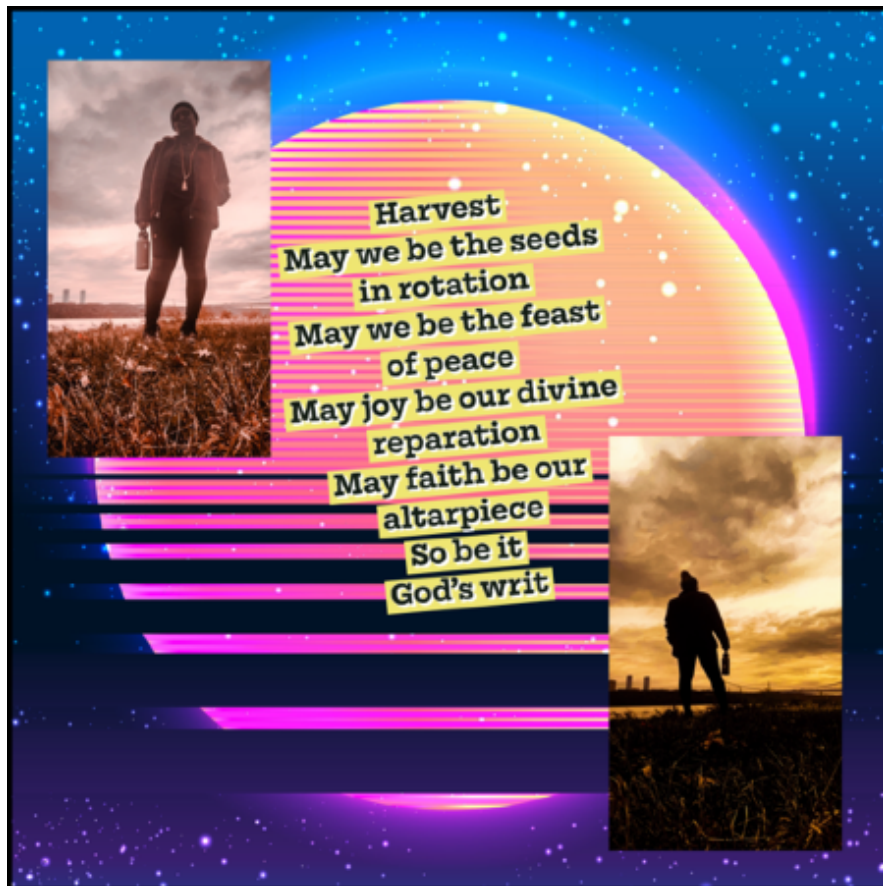


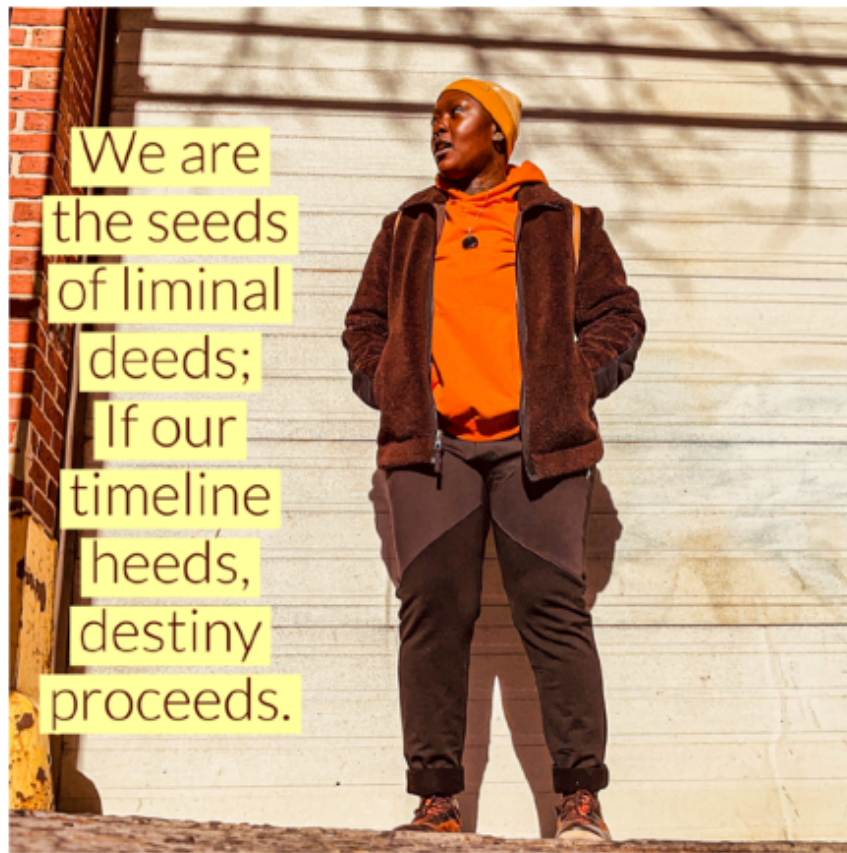
Blunt Teeth:
I tow my heart
through immense
sadness,
and have the
moon as a
counterpart.
The bees are
an escort,
and God is my
unflinching
consort.





"When our human
collective
intellectualizes
pathological evil,
you may feel
autistic in a society
that normalizes
sadism as genial."
-Zisa Aziza





**Fight or Flight?
Be like water—
Of Divinity, you are a
first daughter
When the current slaps
me silly,
I sip adaptability, and
smile stealthily
Inundation is an
instrument for innovation;
When the water recedes,
you'll marvel at the
elevation**





























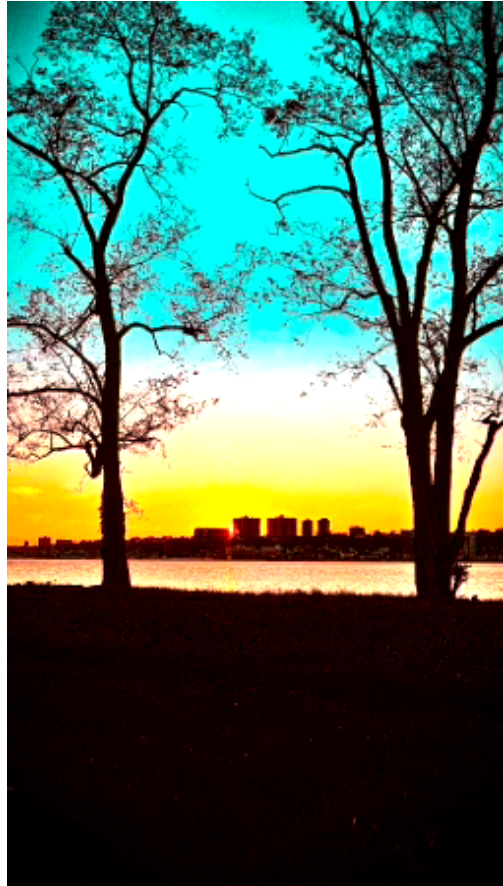












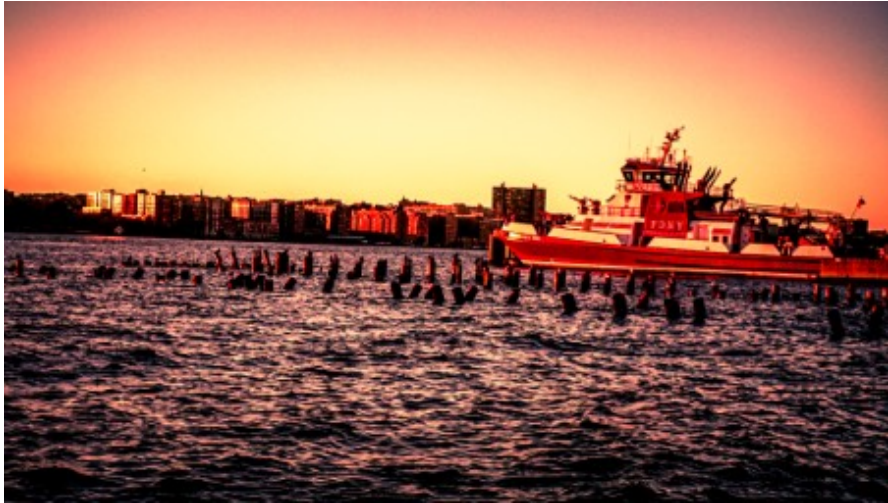




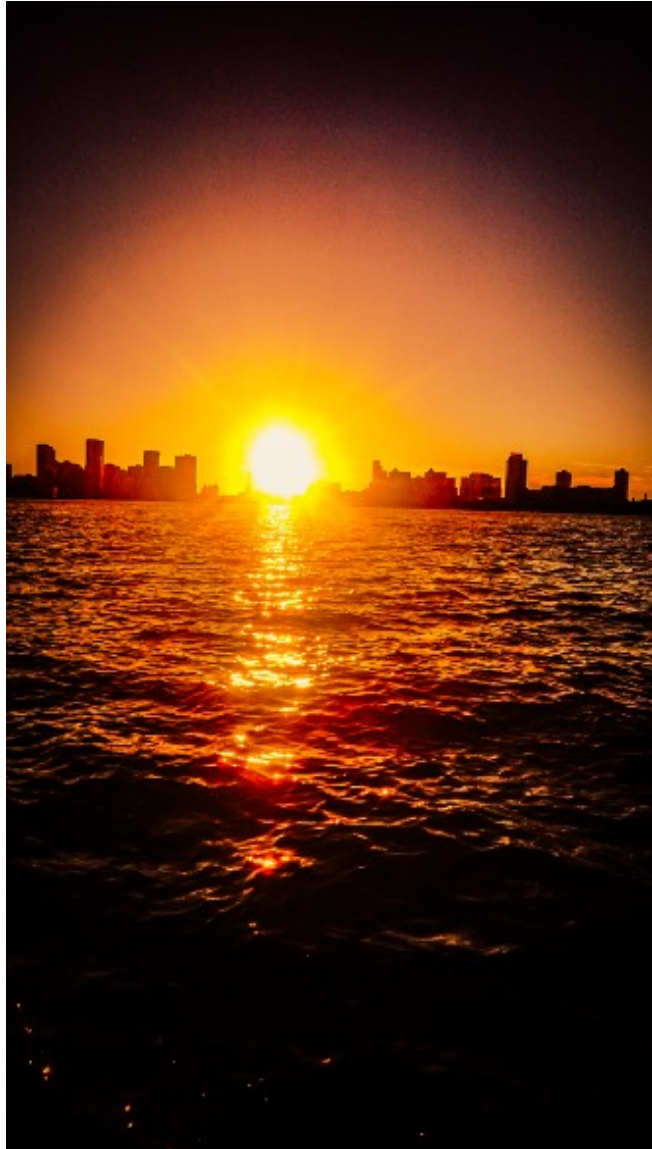




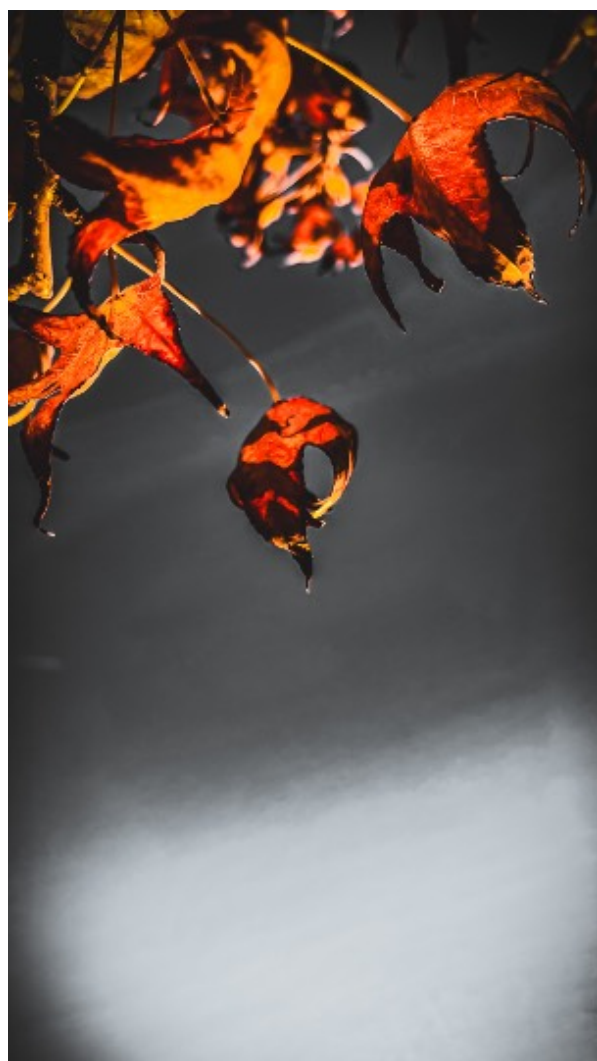










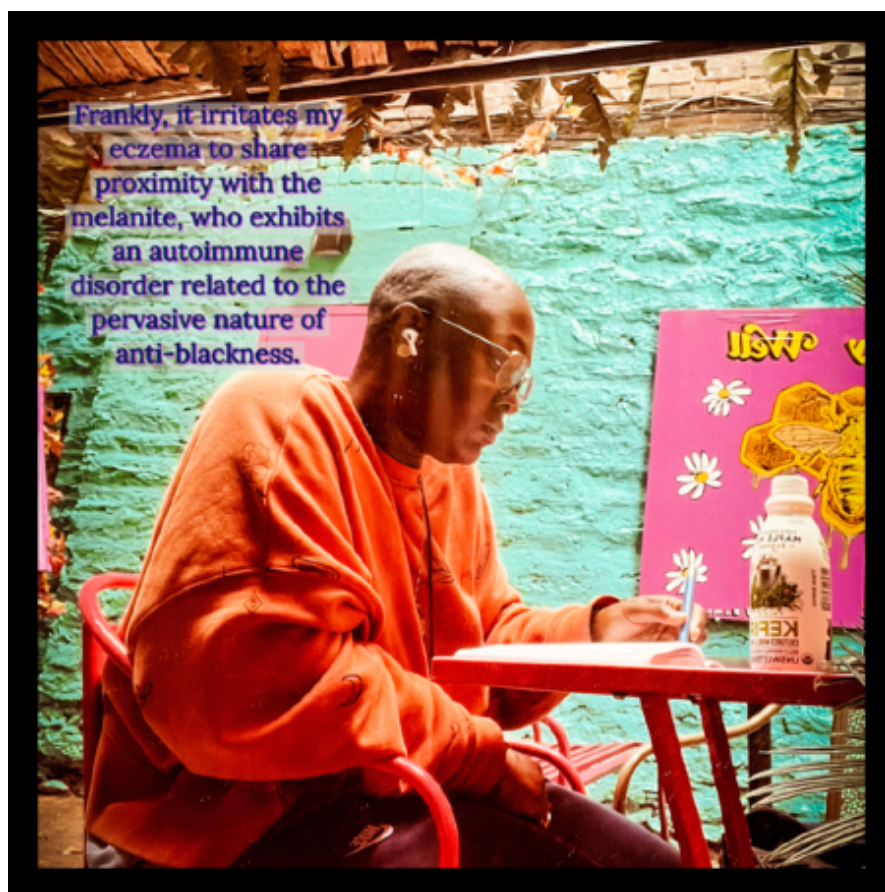
























Hereditary
My kin is in the waiting room,
Between mania and psychosis:
His admission is pending, yet inevitable.

